

PHILIP'S PATCH

Life in the villages of Rotherwick,
Heckfield & Mattingley



by
Anne Pitcher

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FOREWORD

Heckfield Place,
Basingstoke,
Hants.

Many others like myself will feel after reading Anne Pitcher's book a remembrance of things past and how grateful we are to her — she brings to life all that occurred in our villages and helps us to re-live the simplicity and happiness of our lives then — we did not realise how much we all depended on one another. We are all deeply indebted to her for helping us to recollect our heritage.

DOROTHY COLIN DAVY.

Anne Pitcher

PREFACE

WRITING a book on three villages isn't easy for one is bound to leave someone out and if I've made mistakes or left you out — I'm sorry — it's not intentional — but it really is impossible to mention everyone and everything. I can only say that it's been fascinating — three lovely unspoilt villages with interesting people and some lovely stories — some unprintable.

I hope you will enjoy "Philip's Patch" and I'm so grateful to people like Mrs. Collier who is 98 — she inspired me and filled me with information, Mrs. Colin Davy who has written the foreword, Lord Rotherwick for checking facts regarding his family and to everyone who has talked to me and supplied their precious photographs. Village life is changing rapidly and I feel that if someone does not record all the happenings it will be lost forever and I hope you will enjoy what I've written.

"PHILIP'S PATCH" is Anne Pitcher's fifth book and comes less than six months after "Promise and Fulfil" which has been an outstanding success, an artist by profession, her paintings (by commission only) are of houses, gardens and landscapes and have included a "Royal". One of her favourite pastimes is making cine films of the Hampshire countryside and her sixth full-length film "Charles Kingsley's Eversley" was released to the public in November. Anne was born at Andwell Mill and was educated locally, at the age of 14 she was awarded a First Class Honour by the Principal of Winchester College of Art — with the Honour came the offer of a free place at the college which she accepted but during her second term she lost the use of her right hand through tuberculosis. A period of four years elapsed before she could continue her studies. Hampshire Education Committee offered her a teaching position and she still works for them — teaching in a military hospital.

CHAPTER 1

ANNIE MARIE NEWPORT was born on the 14th July, 1877 at Burkham in Berkshire, she was brought up there and attended the village school and was known to all as "Nancy". Her father, who had started his working life at the early age of seven, originated from Fairford, in Gloucestershire, and had worked in some interesting places such as Bearwood Mansion, which is now a school. By the age of ten, Nancy had advanced to the fourth standard at the local school and was considered a bright little girl, but her mother was expecting another child so the ten-year-old girl stayed away from school to look after the family. Nancy went about her daily tasks clad in her mother's apron which was so long that it had to be tied up around her neck; she was destined to stay at home and never return to school — neither was she ever to go out to work, for her mother had carefully noted how useful she was, but Nancy had to work very hard and there seemed much to do.

Great celebrations took place in every village to mark the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and at Burkham a dinner was to be held in a barn and everyone was invited. Nancy's mother was heavy with child and declined the invitation, for she felt it indecent to attend, so Mr. Newport set off with his four children who were dressed in their Sunday best. In order to reach the barn, they had to walk across a field known as "Pins". Money and good food was hard to come by, so the dinner was most welcome — no one was forgotten and those who couldn't attend had their meals brought to them.

Perhaps the greatest attraction was the wonderful Army parades in which the Queen's soldiers really put on exquisite displays. Among the Grenadier Guardsmen who looked so immaculate was Stephen West who had enlisted at Reading on 7th July, 1897.

Everyone was brought up to attend church, and Sunday was always kept as the Sabbath. If Nancy went to church in the morning, she was always made to do all the washing up after Sunday lunch; but if she went in the evening, then it was her duty to cook the lunch while her mother did the washing up.

At the age of twelve, Nancy was confirmed with her mother, both walking up to the altar together. It was quite an occasion, and the village dressmaker had made Nancy a very special dress, Mrs. Newport had her own ideas about dress, for instance, once a Sunday dress was washed, it was never considered a "best dress". She herself would wear a black bonnet, prettily trimmed and tied under the chin, and a crinoline.

Always being home, Nancy had little chance of pleasure — she loved dancing, and she rather liked Charles Collier whom she managed to see on the sly. When she announced that she had a young man, Mrs. Newport was rather alarmed, but this only made Nancy more determined. Nothing, not even her mother, was going to spoil her romance; and when Charles asked for her hand in marriage, the couple were encouraged to live at home, but secretly they longed for a place of their own. Charles worked with horses and he found employment with a doctor at Wokingham, and after a while, bettered himself by moving to Camberley for a Colonel Harris. Settled in their little cottage, Charles and Nancy were very happy, they had one son and another baby was on the way, but their happiness was short-lived for, the day their second child was born, Colonel Harris gave Charles notice to quit. The Colonel was not in favour of too many children. With no home, no job and no money, it was a very sad situation — there seemed nothing for it but to return to Burkham to the in-laws. While here, Charles heard of a job at a village called Heckfield for Dr. Comber. The next morning he rose early and started out on his

long walk to Heckfield. As he trudged along, Charles hoped that this doctor would like children and, above all, he hoped he'd get the job — it meant so much. Actually, he need not have worried — Dr. Comber turned out to be a lovely gentleman and, what's more, he had a nice cottage for them and he liked children. Charles Collier was beside himself with happiness as he walked back to Burkham — he couldn't wait to tell Nancy, whom he knew would be at the gate waiting for him.

CHAPTER 2

When the Boer War broke out, Stephen West had the distinction of being one of Lord Roberts' personal bodyguard and, while in South Africa, he came in contact with many farmers who talked of a man named Phillips who had come to their country and amassed a fortune from diamond and gold mining. It was obvious to Stephen that Phillips was disliked — after all, hadn't he been implicated in the preparations for the Jameson Raid and hadn't he been caught and sentenced to death. But money had talked, and this man Phillips had paid £25,000 for his life and was banished from the Transvaal. However, not everyone had disliked him for, although banished, he didn't leave the Transvaal empty-handed. How could he forget the woman who had helped him — he'd take her back as his bride if her Dutch farmer father approved. There was no question of disapproval, her father gave them his blessing. Stephen West listened to all this talk but passed no remark, it paid to keep a silent tongue. At this time these farmers who had uttered such scathing words couldn't possibly foresee that the guardsman was to return to England and settle with his family in a cottage at Blue House Farm, Mattingley. He was to become woodman on the Tyney Hall Estate and who was he to work for? This awful man — Lionel Phillips.

There was much speculation and talk in this little Hampshire village of Rotherwick when Lionel Phillips bought Tyney Hall and estate from Charles Edward Harris. Everyone wondered what sort of man Lionel Phillips would be and would he serve his village as Squire Harris had done — he certainly had something to live up to, for Squire Harris had done so much to relieve the poverty in Rotherwick. It was in 1879 that Mr. Harris had begun the building of a new hall on the old site and, as Tyney's rebuilder, he had created something in Rotherwick that was never to be forgotten — he had provided much-needed employment in the years of depression in farming — men came to him and were given work on his huge estate and, during the really bad times, this generous man set up a soup kitchen, he helped the school and had soup and cocoa sent in for the children, he helped the poor, the sick and the church, so it was no small wonder that villagers were worried at the prospect of losing him. (It's interesting to note that if one visits Rotherwick Church, there is inside a monument to Frederick Tyney of Tyney Hall who first built the same in 1700. Frederick was the last male heir of the ancient house of Tyney in Norfolk. This good man may have created for himself a splendid seat in his park at Rotherwick — but he was not the earliest to do so. A mansion stood there from the fifteenth century, and Tyney House was itself rebuilt in 1879 by Charles Edward Harris.)

Mr. Lionel Phillips was the son of a London merchant. He had paid £77,000 for his new home although Mr. Harris retained Sheldons and the land to the east of the estate. Not a man to do things by halves, Mr. Phillips soon realised that to keep the confidence and trust of his



Tyney Hall — home of Charles Edward Harris (who became Harris-St. John through marriage). This photo shows his family on the croquet lawn.

villagers he must study their ways and country customs. He gave liberally to the church and paid better wages than the local farmers, he spent freely on improvements to the grounds of his mansion and laid aside another £10,000 to be spent on the hall and, like "Squire" Harris, he was creating much work for local people. There were times when his employees thought him to be odd — especially when he instructed them to plant fully-grown trees along the drive to Newnham.

CHAPTER 3

Another man who thought his employer odd was Charles Collier — Dr. Comber (pronounced Cumber) was a lovely gentleman to work for but he had this passion for hunting, in fact he hunted three days a week so the villagers of Heckfield could never be (and never were) ill on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. The doctor was very much respected and was an excellent doctor on Tuesdays, Thursdays and sometimes on a Saturday. Charles Collier looked after his four horses and attended to his boots and hat while Mrs. Collier washed for him and, when his maids quarrelled and left his service, she cooked for him too, taking her baby with her in its cradle.

Dr. Comber lived at "Hill House" which was always referred to as "The Doctor's" (in fact, from way back in 1795 to the middle of the First World War it was occupied by a succession of doctors).

After ten happy years came sadness, for Doctor and Mrs. Comber parted and the practice was bought by Dr. Underhill whose wife was a Canadian and liked her food cooked in the Canadian way. The doctor was not a hunting man but had carriages, and this meant that Charles Collier had to take his previous employer's horses to Tattersalls where they were sold for carriage horses. However, Dr. Underhill had the distinction of being the first man in Heckfield to own a car, a Cadillac, coach-built with solid tyres and painted in bright colours. When the

doctor and his wife drove out in their car, Charles Collier sat behind with his back to the doctor, he was dressed in his livery and wore a high hat and cockade. Mrs. Collier thought all this looked very smart, but she had seen smart things before — the first bicycle in Heckfield which had been ridden by Mr. John Martineau. It was made of bamboo and was the cause of much fascination. John Martineau lived in a charming Queen Anne period house called Park Corner. He took a great interest in village life and became an outstanding figure in Heckfield.

CHAPTER 4

Stephen West was happy in his beloved woods — he had worked first as a bark-boy, stripping oak twigs for a tannery in Reading — now, he was very knowledgeable about woodcraft. Stephen had a wife and six children to support; they existed on 11/- (55p) a week out of which 2/6 (12½p) had to be put aside for rent, so one way and another a remedy had to be found to make ends meet. Most village men poached — they had to; a rabbit made a good dinner, but a pheasant was a different matter for the old feudal system didn't allow a working chap to poach pheasants. If they were caught it was instant dismissal from one's job and home. A kindly farmer couldn't employ that man either, especially if he were a tenant of the Squire, for he could lose his tenancy. However, most men were "master craftsmen" at the art of poaching — but they respected the "Squire" — they had to — no matter what their innermost thoughts were.

In front of Stephen West's cottage was a largish pond and, beside it, two poplar trees; in the garden were foundations of an old farmhouse which had burnt down. The children walked to school at Hound Green where Mrs. Prior was the headmistress. In a cottage near the school lived Mrs. Amy Gould who sold sweets. One wonderful thing about her — she would take farthings, for instance, two aniseed balls for a farthing.

Luxuries were unheard of for the working class and no one was more aware of the struggle villagers of Rotherwick were having than Lionel Phillips. He had engaged Col. Frederick Wellesley as his agent, and this rather alert man had overheard local workmen talking of their former "Squire's" kindness. At Christmas they knew that they would all get a good "blow-out", Squire Harris had seen to that. So, with the approach of the festive season, Mr. Phillips sent Col. Wellesley around to all the cottages in Rotherwick enquiring what the occupants would like: "Would it be a blanket or would they like a quilt?" Whatever they chose, it would be accompanied by a joint of meat especially prepared at the model farm. During his tour around the village, the colonel learnt that there had been special treats for the children including a party at the school, so he made a point of visiting Mr. Bye the headmaster. Shortly after this it became known that a party was to be held in the school — an enormous Christmas tree was taken down to the school where it was beautifully decorated — from that tree every child would get a present. Every little girl had an outfit (very much like a Red Riding-hood outfit), while each little boy had a jersey, stockings and a tam-o'-shanter. Lionel Phillips took his wife down to see all the fun, they were overcome by the look of awe on the children's faces as they took their places at the tables, which were laden with food. Children from poor homes were not used to such good food and this display of generosity had to be seen to be believed, but more was to come, as the children

filed out of the school, two ladies stood by the door, one gave each child an orange and apple while the other gave each one a sixpence.



A signed photograph of Lionel Phillips, the man whose kindness overwhelmed the people of Rotherwick.

A newcomer to a village takes time to be accepted but the general feeling within Rotherwick was that Mr. Phillips seemed a genuine man, at least he was kind and his gifts were very acceptable, for their cottages were humble, with no water laid on only a well between so many, their lighting was by candles and lamps and each person tended their garden. Wages were not high and it could be said that people scraped a living, but what a shock was in store for everyone — Lionel Phillips had another

idea and so around came his agent again, this time to enquire from each family whether they would like to keep a pig, if so he would have a sty built for them at no charge and he would allow each family five shillings towards the cost of the pig. Food for that pig could be obtained at the Model Farm. In all it sounded too good to be true and Col. Wellesley found that the cottagers received the suggestion carefully, they did not jump at the offer, however he need not have worried for gradually the idea was accepted and estate workmen arrived to build the pig sties.

CHAPTER 5

Whenever any building work was being done at the "Hall", Mr. Phillips employed no end of Irishmen — they worked very hard and their favourite pastime was drinking. Along this time the "Coach and Horses" was kept by Mr. Julius Caesar, trade was excellent but Julius had a problem, he couldn't pull pints fast enough for those thirsty workmen and they hated to be kept waiting. One evening as Julius walked through from the bar into the kitchen, he saw his wife bathing the children in front of the fire, Julius stood looking at the bath — it was old and made from tin but it gave him an idea. The following morning he lifted the bath down off the huge rusty nail on the outer wall at the back of the pub and carried it in, placing it behind the bar. With the help of his son Thiel, they filled the bath with beer. It was a good idea for as soon as the men came in — all Julius had to do was immerse the glasses into the bath and they were filled "quick as lightning". Needless to say, from then on the children had their bath much earlier in the evening and as soon as they had finished this same bath would be whisked into the bar and filled with beer.

Julius Caesar was the first Chief Ranger to hold a Court for the "Ancient Order of Forresters". Back in July, 1885 three Rotherwick men, William Brooker, John Trimmer and John Pink, made the long journey to London to collect the great certificate in order that the "Ancient Order of Forresters" "Pride of Rotherwick" (7324) could be formed and a meeting held. The certificate was interesting for it gave the names of all the officials, High Chief Ranger Thomas Stead, High Sub-Chief Ranger John Pallister, Treasurer Octarrious Attack, Secretary Thomas Southwood, Senior Woodward Thomas Man, Junior Woodward Jessie Lister, Senior Beadle H. Clark, Junior Beadle George Wright.

The aims of the "Forresters" are to insure members, pay sick and death funds and run a thrift account. A "Hospital Sunday" was held every year and this was a wonderful affair, people walking miles to attend. The Hook Prize Band would come and play and the money was divided between Odiham and Fleet hospitals, the next day (generally Whit-Monday) was "Coach Club Day", another memorable event — there were parades around the village headed by the band then all the men who belonged to the "Forresters" went into the Coach and Horses for a slap-up lunch after which the fête commenced. This fête was held in the meadow next to the pub and all the children whose fathers were in the "Order", were allowed into the meadow free of charge.

To ever miss "Coach Club Day" was an awful thing but one little girl Ada Hillier was punished in this way for getting drunk. Ada lived at Lyde Green where she had a friend who lived in a cottage beside Lyde Green Farm. It fascinated Ada to visit the Stacey family for Mr. Stacey kept pigs, bees and made mead. His daughter took Ada into

a store which contained jars filled with liquid — these two little girls fancied a taste of this liquid — it was nice so they had another taste and another until Ada began to feel "oozey". The children sat down and soon nodded off to sleep — Ada felt absolutely lovely. After a while her friend awoke and couldn't rouse Ada, this frightened her for she was sure Ada was dead, the child tried to stand up, she stumbled around until she got to the door and raised the alarm. Mr. Stacey was hopping mad, Ada got a hiding and was not allowed near "Coach Club Day".

CHAPTER 6

From time to time Mrs. Collier would go in to help Dr. Underhill's wife, she had never been in service and was not used to fancy cooking such as Mrs. Underhill liked, for instance, her way of cooking a leg of lamb was to cover it with demerara sugar and leave it for a day or two — then it would be wrapped in greaseproof and brown paper and baked. Mrs. Collier thought this was "high-faluting" and a waste, fancy covering it with sugar. Actually Nancy Collier was very fed up, the cottage they lived in had only one bedroom which meant that there was a line of beds with just a small space in between each one, there was no room for any other furniture. Although her oldest son was working for the doctor — washing bottles — the Colliers decided to leave, this decision was to be a turning point in Nancy's life, for she went to "Coppards" which was the private laundry for Heckfield Place, here she learnt all there was to know about laundry work.

There were three women at work, a mother and her daughter and Mrs. Collier. All sorts of miracles were performed for in the south-east end of the tall building was a barn-like room for hanging up sheets to dry while in the lean-to portion at the other end — the ironing was done. In Heckfield Place lived Colonel and Mrs. Walpole with their daughters Dorothy and Maude.

The Walpoles were a very Catholic family — a priest came every other weekend to conduct services in their own chapel within the house and all Catholics in Heckfield came. On the other weekends the services were held at the home of Sir John and Lady Cope at Bramshill House, it all worked very well and no one minded changing about and there was never any grumbles.

The Colonel's two little girls loved their home and everything about it, the dogs for there were always dogs at Heckfield Place, the gardens and all the gardeners who looked after them so beautifully. The kitchen garden was simply full of glasshouses which meant there were quantities of hot-house fruit.

Their life was simple and they didn't expect great excitement, they made their own entertainment for at this time the only means of transport was the horse so outings were few and far between, in fact the girls never looked for trips out.

Perhaps the greatest thing about this family was their interest and love for village people, after all they knew everyone and everyone's business too and if someone was in trouble then they shared their trouble. Of course people were poor but no one was on starvation lines, most villagers kept a pig and how they cherished that pig — it was in their interests to. From the Home Farm came jars of dripping which were distributed around to the villagers.

Mrs. Walpole noted that Miss Martineau gave treats for the children of Heckfield school but this didn't include the pupils of Hound Green

school, so she decided she would put that to rights. At Christmas a wonderful treat was to be put on in the old kitchen at Heckfield Place, there was to be a tree and a sumptuous spread of food, which no doubt would be much appreciated for quite a number of the pupils were gipsy children. Many Romanies, gypsies and pedlars came to the area because of one man — Charles Kingsley who lived at nearby Eversley. He was greatly interested in them and held special services just for them and they in turn greatly respected him, but it wasn't long before they found they had other friends, for the Walpole family took a great interest in their affairs.

Some of these families came from as far away as Wales and on reaching a site that suited them, they camped "under the benders". Hazeley Heath was a popular place but after a while it was suggested to them that if they were going to stay, why not live in a house — it wasn't that easy but given time they would find homes. Col. Walpole's daughters were fascinated with these people — they felt "their" life was so much more exciting than theirs. Saturdays were especially nice for this was the day when their "friends" made their weekly visit to Reading, both girls were at the top of the drive to see them go by in their pony and traps which were laden with clothes props, rabbit skins and various other items which they hoped to sell. The gipsy ladies looked very smart with their beautiful big hats decorated with flowers, feathers and fruit while around their necks hung the most gorgeous coral beads. Each couple would wave to the little girls and secretly the little girls wished they could go with them.

Both girls were allowed one penny a week pocket-money which they spent "carefully" on sweets, they both had a pony and they would drive and ride about in carefree abandon. They absolutely lived for the annual flower show which was a great event, it had originated in the 1880s and was held alternatively at Heckfield Place and Highfield, so when it was "their" turn to have it, words couldn't describe what their feelings were, to have all "their" people (for that's how they thought of village people — as their own) come to their house was a wonderful thing.



Heckfield Place, the much-loved home of the Walpole family.

It was at one such gathering that the two girls saw a boy who looked interesting, they did not know him but he was a stranger and they must get to know him. He was quite tall and well-built with brown eyes and he was introduced to them as Cornelius. Dorothy found that he was just a year older than her and most interesting to talk to but he had such a long name so she told him that she would call him "Naylor". The boy smiled and thought that was rather nice of her, she might live in a great big house but she was different, she walked about with him and talked to him so nice — she was lovely that's what she was.

Near Christmas the girls were taken by carriage into Reading to do their shopping, it was so exciting for their horse shied everytime he saw a tram and once in the town they were taken into "Fullers Café" where each was given a delicious piece of sponge cake. Their nurse had promised that when they got older they would be taken to London to see a pantomime — it was too much to think about and both girls were sure they would be sick at the thought of going to such an exciting thing.

CHAPTER 7

The spiritual needs of Rotherwick were being cared for by the Rev. Gilbert Stapleton, known locally as "Rashers". This tall thin man had a passion for bee-keeping and when there was a swarm about, "Rashers" could be heard rattling tins as he walked along trying to bring the swarm down. Once a week he went along to the village school to take Scripture — here he was lucky for the standard of education at the school was high thanks mainly to such people as Mrs. Thorne and now John Bye. "Johnny" was strict, rather fearsome at times but he was a good teacher and had widened the scope of teaching at Rotherwick.

One schoolboy James Poulter was amazed to find boys from Greywell at his school — in fact the "Barker" brothers walked in all weathers and hardly ever missed. James was born in Rotherwick, his father originated from Crookham while his mother Anne, was a village girl. There were seven in family and they were well known, for Mr. Poulter had a coach business — brakes, wagonettes, broughams and Victorias, so the inhabitants of Rotherwick could be taken to various places like Hook Station, which was a popular trip. Business was brisk for rifle shooting was a favourite sport and up a meadow behind the Rectory was the range and Mr. Poulter would take both contestants and spectators. Another regular customer was Miss Vivian from Elms Road at Hook, she was an invalid and always needed transport — she had her own carriage pulled by a donkey, but for longer trips she engaged Mr. Poulter.

Most people in Rotherwick that could work did so for Lionel Phillips, he owned most of the land anyway but how well it was looked after — hedges were neatly trimmed and all kept the same height, ditches kept dug out and footpaths and verges mowed and trimmed until they resembled long strips of lawn. The village was beautiful, unchanging really and so delightfully tidy. The roads were narrow and gravelled, dry in summer but terribly wet in winter.

By now the "Squire's" reputation for kindness was firmly established but occasionally he found he was unpopular — when for instance Stephen West was informed that his rent should be raised from 2/6 to 3/- per week, Stephen was furious and refused to pay it, what's more he



A well-preserved photo of the staff at Tyne Hall, taken in 1903.

found another cottage in Hall's Lane (the cottage has long since disappeared). On another occasion during a shoot on the estate — a former worker "Puddy Halloway" had a terrible experience, he was peppered with shot by an Irish millionaire who was reputed not to be able to hit a haystack, however he shot "Puddy" up the backside and wasn't "Puddy" mad. Besides hopping around clutching his rear end "Puddy" was uttering some priceless language — the millionaire wasn't aware that he was a bugging old fool or a bloody sod, but he was aware that he had done something awful. Everyone rushed to "Puddy's" aid and he was helped back to the hall where a doctor was called, actually the old boy was so well cared for that he began to think being shot wasn't a bad thing — he had no end of visitors and most of them brought him something and Lionel Phillips made sure the old boy didn't lose anything by it. Previously "Puddy" had worked for "Squire Harris" (who became Harris St. John through marriage).

Frayed tempers were forgotten when it was announced that the "Squire's" daughter Miss Edith, was to be married at Rotherwick church. How everyone loved a wedding for it could only mean one thing for the villagers — a jolly good "blow-out".

Miss Edith was married on a glorious spring day and Rotherwick did its utmost to mark the occasion, for the route to the church was lined with school children, boys on one side of the road and girls on the other. The bride was followed by twelve small girls — each one carried a basket of primroses and wore red capes about their shoulders. All week great preparations had gone on at Tynney Hall where the reception was being held, while in the park huge marquees had been put up and in these villagers were to have their celebration meal. The children were not forgotten either, there was something really special for them for the "Squire" had hired a fair complete with swinging boats and roundabouts and each child was given a book of tickets which meant free rides on everything.

Perhaps the men had the happiest time for beer flowed like water and several got the worse for wear, one old boy was having a terrible argument with a tree while two others did their best to get home by walking along with their arms around each other. One woman was furious with her husband, he'd gone on before her and when she arrived home — she found him in bed still dressed complete with boots.

CHAPTER 8

By now Mrs. Collier had become an expert laundress and started to do odds and ends on her own, so well did she work that she became much sought after so she set up her own laundry in Burgess Cottage — working mainly for Mrs. Thorne at Highfield House. A widow of great charm — Mrs. Thorne came from Lossiemouth and had nine children, six of her own and three adopted. She kept over a dozen servants in her house and was greatly loved and respected in Heckfield.

Now it was Mrs. Collier's turn to employ women to help her plus a girl to look after her baby daughter. As her reputation grew as a laundress more and more people sought her out, Mrs. Collier had the distinction of laundering for every large house in Heckfield except the Martineaus who had their own laundry. The dirty linen would be brought to her in large hampers by pony and trap, so heavy were these hampers that it was as much as two people could do to lift them. From Mrs. Thorne came an enormous amount, sixty sheets a week, for sheets were

changed every day and 200 dinner napkins for there were clean napkins at every meal and tablecloths. These tablecloths which were used for dinner parties were round in shape and contained $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material. There never had to be any creases so Mrs. Collier would actually run the iron over them after they had been laid on the table. Her bills for laundry for this house were always paid by cheque and it was not uncommon for the weekly account to run up to £20, which was a lot of money.

Col. Walpole's new gardener had previously been employed by Lord Curzon at Hackwood Park. Thomas Harrison loved Heckfield, he settled into his new job and lived at 28 New Inn Cottages with his wife Ellen and his eight children, two boys and six girls. Having originated from Warfield in Berkshire, Thomas was destined to stay with Col. Walpole for over forty years. To work at Heckfield Place was interesting for the gardens were immaculately kept and there was always something going on, either a house or garden party and shooting parties in their season.



The pupils and staff of Heckfield School.

All of Thomas Harrison's children attended the village school at Heckfield where the governess Mrs. Clark was rather strict, she had two teachers to assist her, one came from Old Basing. People from the larger houses took a keen interest in the welfare of the children, Miss Martineau had acquired her father's love and interest in the well being of "her" village, she was closely associated with the school and the church, she gave "treats" for the children in the summer and at Christmas. The summer treat was especially nice because it took place in a hay field, one little boy thought it was absolute heaven to have his tea in a hay field for there was such a lovely spread, in fact he noticed some of the older ones stuffing their pockets with cakes. George Harrison thought they were greedy, after all they wouldn't do that at home for times were hard and food was scarce. George quite liked school, his favourite subjects were geography and Scripture but the one thing he liked more than anything else was his village, to him Heckfield was everything and he hoped it would never change.

Another great treat took place once a year at Rotherwick, this was the annual outing to the seaside given by Lionel Phillips for his estate workers. A procession of farm wagons took the excited party up to Hook Station to join their train. What a wonderful thing it was to have a railway station so close by and how local people had fought to get it, a great debt was owed to a former Squire of Rotherwick, Charles Edward Harris for he had been the chairman of the committee who had fought unceasingly to get the station and had given the ground for it to be built on. He was a man of many parts and was interested in racing, he was a steward at the Odiham Races which were held on Bartley Heath. These meetings attracted large crowds and racing usually commenced at 1.30 p.m. but because of the carnival atmosphere amongst the spectators, strict laws were enforced, no person was allowed within the enclosure carrying a stool or wearing clogs, neither were they permitted to carry placards or colours otherwise they would be expelled.

Some of the races had interesting names "The Greywell Hill Plate", which was a handicap for all ages, "The Dogmersfield Park Stakes" for two year olds and "The Odiham Handicap", but it was "The Hurstbourne Plate" which used to attract large fields with as many as 35 runners. Two sovereigns was the entrance fee for a race but the enormous prize money of 40 sovereigns was offered to the winner. Charles Edward Harris was assisted by four other stewards T. C. Garth Esq., G. Sclater-Booth M.P., Lord Rendlesham and the Earl of Portsmouth, everything was most efficiently run, the judge and clerk of the scales Mr. Clarke, came all the way from Newmarket while the handicappers were Messrs. Weatherby.

The fact that Hook Station was only a short distance from the race-course ensured that every meeting was well attended, actually the railway brought many people to the locality. May Godden's father had worked on the iron railroad but when he caught diphtheria he was advised to move down to the country. His mother lived at Hartley Wespall and it was there that he stayed to recuperate, eventually his wife and children joined him and they moved to their new home at Lyde Green. May loved the area, her grandfather was sexton at Rotherwick church and her father was destined to follow in his footsteps when he retired. One thing the whole family appreciated was the kindness of Lionel Phillips, May thought he was such a nice man and he lived in a huge house — at least it seemed huge in the eyes of a little girl, his gardens were beautiful and she had heard that over three dozen gardeners worked there, while hosts of servants kept his house clean. His mansion formed three sides of a square and was built of red brick with stone dressings and diaper ornamentation in the Tudor style. It was an imposing edifice seated on a bold ridge about 325 feet above sea level. With its elevated site and light soil, the mansion is encompassed by extensive and glorious gardens plus a well-wooded park of over 400 acres.

Beautiful views could be obtained from nearly every point and from a social point of view Tylney Hall was ideal, within driving distance were several important country seats, The Duke of Wellington at Stratfield Saye, John Liddell Esq. at Sherfield Manor, Lord Curzon at Hackwood Park, Francis H. J. Jervoise J.P. at Herriard Park, Sir Henry P. St. John Mildmay, Bart., of Dogmersfield Park, A. Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe Esq. from Elvetham Park, Sir Anthony Cope, Bart., Bramshill Park and Lt.-Col. Horace Walpole of Heckfield Place.

Money was no object to Lionel Phillips for he spent freely on improvements to his mansion and to the grounds; bulbs, shrubs and

trees were purchased by the thousand, in fact some of the trees were exotic and unique in England. From a sporting point of view the estate formed a natural game preserve, the coverts extending to over 480 acres. The game bags recorded for the years 1901 - 1902 were pheasants 3,462, partridges 210, hares 48, rabbits 5,135, woodcock 9 and waterfowl 31. The keepers had quite a hard life especially as they had to patrol the woods for poachers who would not be above giving them a rough time if they were cornered. Pheasants were not for a working chap but everyone wanted a good dinner and so all sorts of plots were hatched.

Stephen West was the man who would know if a stranger was "in his woods", he was alert to everything and this came with his years of knowledge of his beloved woods which he could traverse blindfolded, every little nook and cranny and footpath Stephen knew, plants and trees and birds seemed to be his "friends" and this made him a very interesting person to talk to.

CHAPTER 9

There was a large scout troop in Rotherwick and how well their Scout Mistress led them — she was strict and fascinated the boys because she rode a tricycle. Whenever she left that tricycle unattended, the boys would jump on it and tear around at a hair-raising pace, this generally resulted in each one getting a "clip round the ear", but if a boy ever uttered a swear word, this could not be tolerated, Miss Plowden saw to that. Once when the scouts had to wade across a river, the water was so cold that James Poulter said in a loud whisper "bugger this is cold". On reaching the bank, the boys formed up to await their next order, James was told to take two paces forward and on doing so he felt the force of the Scout Mistress's hand across his face.

One wonders what the children did to amuse themselves especially on dark winter evenings, the older boys loved sparrow catching which could be a dangerous pastime, another favourite was "Dickie Dickie show your light" which resembled hide and seek except that it was always played in the dark. Each child had a lighted candle in a jam jar and one unfortunate boy or girl would have to try to locate the children. The usual tricks were played on people, ringing door bells and tying door knockers together but on November 5th it was the adults turn, actually it could be described as rather frightening for lighted tar barrels were rolled down the "street", the men got really merry and there was much drinking and shouting. At Christmas the hand-bell ringers and mummers came, the latter performing their traditional play.

The great thing about these little villages was that there existed a wonderful community spirit and each person had time for the other, no one moved house except the farm workers, so in a way it was like one big family, everyone shared each other's joys and sorrows and any juicy bits of gossip. Another rather nice thing was that neighbours shared what they had, if one man had better crops than the other then he would share, it was never a case of "I've got more than you have".

Since establishing himself at Tynley Hall Lionel Phillips had become a magistrate, Deputy Lieutenant of Hampshire and High Sheriff but he had never forgotten his association with South Africa and had returned there in 1906, from then on he divided his time and interest between that country and England. He seemed very "wrapped up" in his affairs in that far-off land and some people began to wonder just what was on

his mind — if only they knew what was in his heart for in 1910 he entered Parliament in South Africa and from then on things were going to be very different — Tynney Hall was to take second place.

This same year brought great sadness to Heckfield, for one of its best-loved characters John Martineau had died, it was an immense loss for he had taken such interest in the welfare of his village. It was early in 1870 that he had brought his wife to Park Corner — an old Queen Anne farmhouse which had been altered and enlarged. They had loved to wander about the farmyard and gardens and there were beautiful trees



John Martineau taken in the hayfield.



His daughter, Violet Martineau outside the family home — Park Corner.

surrounded by green pastures. From the entrance gates of Park Corner, they could look out on to the expanse of Heckfield Heath which was beautiful when covered in purple heather. The old coaching road that crossed the heath had a special interest to John Martineau for in one direction it wound its way through Bramshill to Eversley Rectory, a place that was dear to his heart, for he had been a pupil of Charles Kingsley who considered him like his own son. Perhaps his greatest asset was his care for others, he wanted to help and be useful to all who lived near him and gradually his poor neighbours came to him with their problems.

For many years he organised the local cricket club and although a strict churchman, he was a staunch advocate for Sunday cricket, he was a churchwarden and he started the village school which hitherto had been an old-fashioned dame school. (It's interesting that John Martineau was chairman of Heckfield Parish Council from the time of its inception till his death and in 1889 when county councils first came

into being, he was elected to serve as representative of the Hartley Wintney Division.) The latter years of his life were sorrowful years for he had never recovered from the crushing blow of losing his wife, their undying love for each other had been complete and to even be parted for one night had caused each other pain. Their daughter Violet followed her parents' example in her love for the village — she was strict and extremely interested in everything and everybody, Miss Lefevre for instance who lived in what one would call a principal house, Heckfield Place and was the daughter of Lord Eversley, a man who lived to a wonderful age. He was fond of shooting and was considered an excellent shot, in fact he bought himself a new gun to celebrate his 90th birthday.

Miss Emma Laura Shaw-Lefevre was a true Victorian, always dressed in black silk, a crinoline and on her head a black cap, decorated with black cherries. Her maids all had to wear close white caps tied under their chins and navy blue dresses with white spots. Miss Lefevre loved to entertain and hold her own court but she was eccentric, her guests were rather surprised when they found that tea was to be taken on the roof — it wasn't easy either wearing lovely long clothes and having to clamber up through a trap-door preceded by a very solemn powdered footman. The view from the roof was certainly beautiful but the pleasure of tea was always modified by having to drink out of zinc cups.

One of Miss Lefevre's main interests was visiting the almshouses (now the village hall) which Lord Eversley had built in memory of his wife. These six small cottages for aged women were built on the site of the former "Five Bells" public house, the old ladies would attend church in black poke bonnets and scarlet cloaks. Every week in winter Miss Lefevre presided over her soup kitchen, serving out soup and split peas to the poor of Heckfield and Mattingley.

CHAPTER 10

Military manoeuvres were not uncommon because each of the villages were in close proximity to Aldershot — troops were camped at Heckfield and on the Duke of Wellington's estate. The soldiers and horses made a colourful sight and most people turned out to see them, after all it was an added attraction to have such an influx of military men. Generally the infantry were at Heckfield and the artillery in the Duke's park, but gradually these manoeuvres increased for England was being drawn into a conflict that would change many things — no one wanted to face up to war but it was imminent — the good simple life that everyone loved was to change and from every village the young men would be called away to fight for their country.

At Rotherwick the outbreak of the First World War was just another terrible blow, already the whole village had been shocked to learn that Sir Lionel Phillips (a newly-created baronet) was severing all links with Rotherwick. It was in 1911 that the dark green schedule for the sale of the "remarkably choice freehold residential domain, distinguished as Tynley Hall" became available. Preparations for the sale took time but from then on Sir Lionel's role as principal employer and influence in the village faded. With the approach of war he had to spend a considerable time at his London business to enable his German partners to return home, then the Government of the day made him their adviser on mining. Meanwhile Tynley Hall had to be kept up and this caused chaos — for all the young gardeners were called up, so Sir Lionel's advice was sought and he had a ready answer — "get lady gardeners."

The ageing head gardener Mr. Hansen, was not amused and was determined he wasn't going to have women treading all over everything, but he had to succumb. One village girl was taken on and immediately sent to weed one of the long drives. May Godden didn't care for her new job because Mr. Hansen was so miserable — he had no patience with women and it was obvious he hated them "treading" all over his beloved gardens. The one thing May did like was Sir Lionel's grandson who was pushed around the grounds by a very nice nurse. Often the nurse would stop and talk to May and let her look at the little boy — May thought he was beautiful and although she was very young she vowed if she ever married and had a son, she would call him Lionel.

The effects of the war in Rotherwick were twofold — most of the young village lads had been called up and the beautiful woods were being slaughtered. Stephen West was sad for thousands and thousands of trees were needed for pit props in the trenches in France, great fir belts were cut in Blackwood and Street End and Stephen's son, young Steve, had left school to help his father. Steve's job was to stack trees ready to be taken to Hook Station where they were loaded on to trucks for transit by rail.

Ada Hillier went into the Women's Air Service and was stationed at Woking where she did clerical work, she often thought of her village which in a way was a model village, that's how Sir Lionel had liked it to be — all the verges neatly trimmed, everyone's hedges the same height, grass mown and gardens tended. Ada wondered what the village would be like without him and would anyone else do what he and his wife had done — she remembered how a village man named Whatmore was thought to have T.B., which was a terrible illness, somehow Lady Phillips had heard of his plight and paid for him to go on a sea voyage to South Africa where he was to stay on one of her farms. His wife and children were looked after and gardeners from Tylney Hall were sent to tend their garden. There was just one snag, Mr. Whatmore loved South Africa so Lady Phillips approached his wife and offered to pay for her and the children to join him. It was a long way from Rotherwick to South Africa and Mrs. Whatmore felt nervous — she would rather have her husband home — Lady Phillips was furious but granted her wish.

CHAPTER 11

Life in the British Army could be very strange and lonely especially if one was a long way from home — one depended on one's comrades to make life bearable. Jack Kenchington was fortunate for his pal was a happy-go-lucky lad from a village called Rotherwick, both were in the 1st Hants stationed at Badajos Barracks in Aldershot and when leave was due, Jack was invited to accompany his pal to his home where he was made very welcome, he was particularly interested in his friend's sister Laura and during that short leave they started a friendship that was destined to last a lifetime.

Laura Whatmore worked at Tylney Hall which was being used as a military hospital. Dr. Balgarnie was surgeon-in-charge and senior scouts from the Rotherwick troop acted as messengers and did any jobs that were asked of them. Women from the village went in to help the Red Cross with sewing while outside the park was taken over and used as an A.S.C. base for mules. The lady gardeners were not faring so well for it was very hard going and the head gardener was so strict. May

Godden had been joined by her sister but still they were miserable so they found another job as lady painters and decorators at Kingston.

To be happy in one's job was everything and Stella Allen enjoyed working at the Post Office at Hook which was run by Mrs. George Mitchell. Stella was born at what is now known as Mattingley Post Office, her father had steam engines and threshing "tackle" while her mother kept the post office, having taken it over from Elizabeth Wheatley in 1912. (Elizabeth's office was where Sir Archibald Forbes lives). Stella had two brothers and seven sisters and they were a jolly crowd — life at the post office was busy but with so many in family the work was soon done. Mr. Allen was in great demand and his work took him to farms large and small, some being miles away from his home. He was a Swallowfield man by birth while Mrs. Allen was a Lovegrove and came from Hook.

"Sheldons" house at Hook was a hospital for wounded soldiers and the few who were able to walk, came to the post office to send their letters home, Stella often served them — oddly enough back at her home, her mother had some of the troops in her office — these soldiers were billeted in and around the "New Inn" area. They would go on



The "New Inn" at Heckfield standing beside the quiet roadway.

very long route marches and many of them suffered from blistered feet so they would soak their aches in the rivers and streams. Actually the soldiers brought welcome trade for the "New Inn" was not a busy inn, they relied on farm workers, gardeners and estate workers for their customers and some of these had to walk two or three miles for their pint, but once a year there was a "Rent Dinner" when all the farmers in the area would attend and pay their rent. It was a really memorable occasion with much drinking and jollification. The licensees were Mr. and Mrs. Barrett and in their fields behind the inn they kept cows, pigs, chickens and a couple of horses. Previously Mrs. Barrett's parents were the licensees, having kept the pub for approximately forty years, their name was Werrell. During the shooting season and if the weather was very wet, the beaters would go to the inn, buy a box of kippers and

then cook them over a very large open fire. It was at Michaelmas, 1861 that the inn had been opened although the building itself is much older and was probably two cottages.

Just up the road from the inn was the school where every Monday Miss Martineau would call to collect the "Penny Bank", as she entered all the girls had to curtsy. Children were encouraged to save although some couldn't even afford a penny especially if there were several in family, another thing that was encouraged was singing and country dancing and at certain times, concerts would be put on and the children were rewarded by a visit from the M.P. Lord Wolmer who thoroughly enjoyed their show.

It was difficult to forget the war for at this time there was great danger from the "Zeppelins", so an air raid shelter was provided in Heckfield Park, this took the form of a pump house which was about fifty feet underground and was used in normal times to pump the water to Heckfield House. Everyone was horrified when it was learnt that three sons from the Bullock family at "Stokers Farm" had been killed in action, it was a tragedy for Rotherwick was losing so many of its young men, but when news reached the village that a local lad had been awarded the Military Medal for his gallantry in the Dardanelles, "Johnny Bye" gave the Rotherwick children a day off from school to mark the occasion, for this young man named Whiteland, had been a former pupil, so the school was especially proud of him.

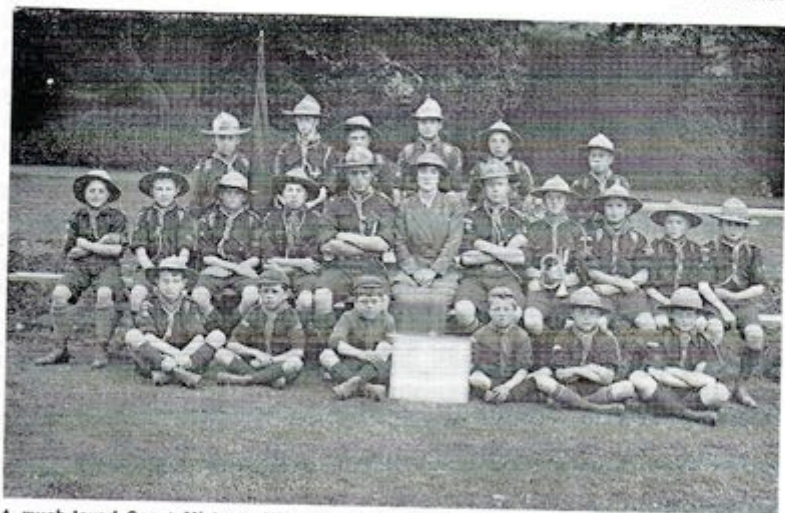
CHAPTER 12

Tydney Hall had been sold to Major Hennessey who turned out to be a very nice man for he had time for the "working chap". Naturally everyone was going to compare him with Sir Lionel and it wasn't going to be easy to have to follow in the former Squire's footsteps, but Major Hennessey entered into the life of the village — he played cricket and fascinated everyone by arriving in his "Daimler" all toggled up in his flannels and what's more, he brought his daughter with him to help with the teas. Village people were not exactly noseys but they did like to know everything about a man — Major Hennessey was amused and didn't mind anyone knowing that he belonged to the well-known brandy distilling family. He had money and didn't mind spending it so naturally he was very popular.

At Highfield Park Mrs. Thorne held working parties for bandage-making and picking spagnum moss, she felt she wanted to do everything she could to help with the war effort, for four of her sons had answered the call to fight for their country and already she had lost one. Fleetwood Thorne had fallen at the battle of Loos and this was a shattering blow but even in her darkest days, Mrs. Thorne's courage never failed her for all around, others were losing their loved ones, little Watkin James who spent hours alone in the woods crying for his elder brother Evan. Watkin was so proud of his nineteen-year-old soldier brother and longed for the day when he came home for good — they would be able to go to the woods together and there would be so much to tell him, but Evan had been killed and when the news reached his parents at the post office at Heckfield, they knew that breaking that news to Watkin would be the hardest thing they had ever done.

Watkin was an unusual boy he was interested in history, writing and nature and he had great patience, he loved to delve into the past and didn't realise that when he grew up he was to leave a lasting impression on his village. It all started when Watkin found a Roman coin, carefully

ne would turn it over in his hand and ponder as to how it got to Heckfield. The coin was reckoned to be 2,000 years old and it fascinated Watkin so much that he decided to show it to the Vicar — this decision



A much-loved Scout Mistress Miss "Lennie" Thorne, with her troop of Heckfield Scouts.

was to be the turning point in Watkin's life for the Vicar told him that "Heckfield had no history". Fortunately the boy (who was rather disappointed in the Vicar's reply) didn't believe him and from then on the was to start a research into the history of Heckfield that was to last his lifetime, nothing was to be left out, every house and family every road and lane was of interest to Watkin — after all he knew everyone and each person had something to tell him. Just now he was living through the catastrophies of the Great War and it had changed everything, he knew that because his parents had said so — Mr. James had been butler to Col. Walpole and had experienced those spacious years prior to the outbreak of the war — the garden and house parties, the shooting parties and the noted meet of the Garth hounds — a well-maintained estate with beautifully-kept woods — now these big houses were silent, there was nothing to celebrate and one couldn't help but wonder if life would ever be the same again.

Watkin John James did well for himself — he was a pupil at Heckfield School and passed to go to the Odiham Grammar School and it was here that he was to become known as "Jamy". Quickly he established himself as a valued member of both the cricket and football XIs and became a prefect, but outshining everything was his great love for his village and when he found that a new farmer had moved into Grange Farm — Watkin wanted to know all about them. He soon found that there were two sons and their surname was Salmon and they had a sister Mona who no doubt he'd get to know in time.

Getting to know what had happened to one's loves in this horrible war was a constant source of worry and when Laura Kenchington had that message to say that Jack was wounded, she felt the bottom had dropped out of her world. Their whirlwind romance came to a head when Jack had arrived home with just three precious days before he went out to France — they married at Odiham Registry Office and made the

best of a very short honeymoon — now he was wounded — Laura was beside herself with worry — would she ever see him again?

Another Rotherwick lad saw little of his family for he was miles away in London working for a very new firm — Marconi International Communications. Henry Cecil Rose had worked in the gardens at Tylney Hall but he had this deep interest in electronics, so after a year he decided to take the chance to learn everything he could. "Cecil's" father had been a keeper for Col. Walpole but had died at the early age of thirty-four, leaving a wife and five children. Mrs. Rose who had been an excellent tailoress, moved to "The Laundry", Wedmans Lane and ran a good business, but life was hard for her especially when one of her sons perished in the war. "Cecil" was very young but he seemed to be doing quite well and Margaret was a lady's maid so Mrs. Rose struggled on doing all she could to make ends meet.

The year 1919 saw everyone struggling against the after effects of the First World War, many young village lads had returned maimed and suffering from shell-shock — somehow everything seemed so different — the first decade of the twentieth century saw the Edwardian squirearchy at its best in Heckfield but now the old order was ceasing, so many links with the past were going and so many people too. The greatest blow came on the 4th April when Col. Walpole died — this meant that much of the Mattingley portion of his estate was to be sold, so Hampshire County Council stepped in and bought land with the sole purpose of "letting it out" as smallholdings to Ex-Servicemen. Most people thought this an excellent idea, after all it would give the men a chance to start life again. The great sale gave people an opportunity to buy a place of their own. "Bob" Girle had Church Farm, Mattingley, while William Clayton came to Hill Farm, his brothers George and Sam went to Stevens and Hatch farms. But Heckfield was not the only place to see changes for Major Hennessey announced that he had sold Tylney Hall to Major Herbert Robert Cayzer, a man reported to have great wealth from his shipping interests. Major Hennessey's stay had been a short one but he was popular and had endeared himself to the people of Rotherwick, so it was at times like this that all sorts of memories of former squires came back. Even now "Squire" Harris was still spoken of as a legendary figure — his visit to the village school in search of a strong lad was still recalled. He had enquired of Headmaster "Johnny" Bye, "Have you a strong lad who would like to leave school?" Immediately twelve-year-old "Butcher" Whiteland jumped at the chance to go back with the Squire, he'd love to work in the gardens for he hated school. It was in these gardens that Squire Harris gave what is now termed as those beautiful old-fashioned garden parties.

Major Hennessey was keen for all the local society to meet his successor so he gave a ball in his honour — naturally it was a very grand affair and it gave a chance to those interested to find out a little more about Major Cayzer. He had a very distinguished war record having commanded a Division in France and had been mentioned in despatches. In 1918 he became M.P. for Portsmouth South and was very well known in the shipping world as vice-chairman of Clan Line Steamers Ltd.

CHAPTER 13

A new landlord had taken over the "Coach and Horses", this was William Dicker who had come from Greywell where he had been the blacksmith. William had learnt the trade from his father and had taken over the

blacksmiths on his death, he had been helped by his brother Walter and brother-in-law Eli Hillier. Eli had married Una Giblett who was a Rotherwick girl by birth — Una's mother had a terrible struggle for her husband had died a young man leaving her to bring up a family. She had walked miles, cooking for this person and that person, in fact anyone who would employ her.

It was during September, 1921 that Dr. Avent came to live in Rotherwick as Assistant Medical Officer to the County of Winchester, his job entailed the inspection of schools — child welfare centres, housing, in fact all forms of public health. At this time there were only three or four cars in the village and two of these belonged up at Tylney Hall, but there was a livery service where one could hire Mr. Poulter to take one to the station or to visit friends. Mr. Poulter lived next to the Coach and Horses — his stables were in Wedmans Lane (Mr. Rose lives there now) and his taxi service was affectionately called "being Poulterised". Right on the crossroads, Mr. Lovegrove had his forge, there were two shops, two pubs, a cobbler and a tiny sweet shop down Wedmans Lane where one could buy a halfpenny twist of sweets. Opposite Dr. Avent's home "Pond House", lived Col. Cummins a retired gunner who was employed by Remounts which entailed him in much travelling around selecting horses. As a boy Col. Cummins had gone to school in Windsor (the Queen's home) and all the boys were given very detailed instructions as to what to do if the Queen's carriage approached while they were walking in Windsor. "Stand on the edge of the pavement, stand to attention and doff one's cap." It so happened that Col. Cummins's mother had bought him a "turnip" watch and chain which he was terribly proud of, he got into the immediate habit of bringing out the watch at frequent intervals in order to see the time. One day as he was walking with a friend in Windsor (both boys were aged 12) he noticed a carriage some distance away, both boys stopped — it was the Queen's coach. Each duly stood to attention on the edge of the pavement, caps in hand. The coach got nearer and nearer and then something unusual happened, the coach stopped right in front of the two boys. "Little boy, can you tell me the time?" "Yes, Madam, it's twenty minutes to twelve precisely." "Thank you", said Queen Victoria and the coach moved on. For one little boy it was a never-to-be-forgotten moment (in fact Col. Cummins often related the story while he was in Rotherwick).

Like many other villages Rotherwick had a wooden Army hut which served as its village hall, it was the focal meeting place for everyone and what wonderful concerts were put on — this was an age whereby everyone made their own fun, it was village life at its best. The stars of these concerts were mostly local people including Col. Cummins and his wife, the Colonel would sing and "Daisy" would accompany him on the piano. The Colonel had served in India so he sang with a very precise Indian Poona voice, everyone loved the song with a chorus which went "With a hool la alley, hool la alley, bang through a hoop she goes". When he got to this part there was tumultuous applause and people stamped their feet. Daisy was a good pianist but she had a failing — she would get fed up with what her dear husband was singing so she would go off into some tune that she liked. The Colonel would stop immediately, slowly turn to her and utter his most gorgeous language — "Daisy, what the bloody hell do you think you're doing?" Meanwhile Daisy would go on playing her tune. "Daisy, what the bugging hell are you doing?", but it was no good, Daisy was carried away — the audience loved all this and clapped like mad while Daisy

finished what she was playing, then she'd take a bow and then go back to where she had left her husband stranded in mid-song. These two were so popular that they took encore after encore.

The Mattingley Women's Institute started in the 'twenties and Miss Quain who lived at Dipley, managed to purchase an Army hut complete with chairs from Bordon Camp. All sorts of things were organised to raise enough money to pay for the hut and Miss Quain became a Founder Member together with Evelyn, Duchess of Wellington, who was described as a good Samaritan to the village and Mrs. Profit, whose motto was "It's never too late to learn anything". Mattingley was a very sociable little village, everybody knew everybody and helped each other, the Gardener's Arms stood on Mattingley Green and in the 1840 Tithe Schedule it was described as a "Beershop and garden" occupied by Tryal Bailey. It was then an old thatched cottage, the present house is Victorian in design and contemporary with the Hatch Gate, Bramshill. For many years it was held by a branch of the Sumner family. (The village blacksmith, post office and shop had been where Sir Archibald Forbes now lives). One cannot go to Mattingley without visiting the unique little church — built of bricks made from clay from within the parish and of timber from the oaks which formerly grew in profusion on the rich heavy loam of Mattingley West End. From time immemorial until 1863 Heckfield and Mattingley were one parish — could this be why Mattingley church has no patron saint? Was it a kind of chapel-at-ease to the parish church at Heckfield? It's fascinating to speculate as to the answers to these questions, for experts agree that the chancel exists in its original state and was in all probability built in the second half of the fifteenth century. From this assumption an interesting point arises — the bricks must be some of the earliest made after the re-introduction of the art of brick-making into England, the "Brickmakers' Arms" (now a private house) stands on the site of a very old brickyard so it's quite probable that the bricks for the church were burnt close by. (It's also interesting to note that local people still talk of services being held in what is now known as Bannister's Farm.)

CHAPTER 14

Pools of Hartley Wintney owned the brickfields at Hazeley Bottom and their working foreman was Charlie Phillips — a very tidy honest man who started his working day at 6.30 a.m. Charles knew everything there was to know about bricks — the clay was dug in what was known as "Gravelly Grounds", and when the kilns were lit they glowed for three days and three nights, it was quite a spectacular sight especially at night. At times there were as many as forty and fifty men employed in the art of brick and tile-making so the Brickmakers' Arms did a flourishing trade — locally the pub was referred to as the "Drum and Monkey". Charles and his wife Annie Maria lived in one of the Fir Tree Cottages which were situated on the southern slope of Hazeley Heath — they had six daughters but their only son was killed in the war. The cottage was built of brick and tile and contained three bedrooms, sitting room, kitchen and scullery and their rent was £5 4s. per annum. (The cottages have since been pulled down.)

Another man who did a good trade was Mr. Love at the Hazeley Bottom smithy which was situated just below the pub. It was interesting to see him at work repairing the iron bands on cart wheels for in good weather, he would have these huge wheels out on the common. The

smithy was built of brick and tile and there was the forge and shoeing stall, plus a barn which Mr. Love used as a workshop, a stable and a granary, he drew his water from a well. Quite near the smithy lived Mr. and Mrs. Plummer with their three children, Fred, George and Freda. On the outbreak of war Mr. Plummer had gone into the Army leaving Kate and the children in London, but when the Zeppelin raids started, Kate (who was a local girl) brought the children down to Heckfield, living first at Holdshott and then the School House at Hound Green, where Kate took in schoolteachers. When her husband returned from the war, the family moved to Hazeley Bottom.

Another man who had moved house was Captain Harper, he had come to live in "Wogs Barn" Poultry Farm (now The Ricks) at Rother-wick. A brewer by trade Captain Harper had been in the Honourable Artillery Company which was a Territorial Regiment, but on the outbreak of war this regiment was immediately called up. Like many more his life in the trenches was grim and as a result he came out of the Army with very bad rheumatism, so bad that he was advised not to go back to the brewery. "Wogs Barn" consisted of a very small cottage which the captain had enlarged by putting on a wing on either side (making it into what we know today as "The Ricks"). A young village lad was taken on to help with the poultry — this was Ernest Povey who loved the work and soon came to the conclusion that here at "Wogs Barn" lived a beautiful family, they were kind to everyone and nothing was too much trouble — in fact people came to the Captain for advice which he freely gave. Ernest was born in a cottage opposite the "Crooked Billet" at Hook, his father Joseph was an agricultural blacksmith for "Gowers". When Ernest was four the family moved to Bunkers Hill where Mr. Povey had bought a cottage.

Since the end of the war there arose an aftermath of discontent which was intensified by the slow return to normal life so that any form of entertainment was welcome. Heckfield had two very good cricket



The Heckfield Cricket Club with such stars as Joe Hathaway, Oscar Stacey and Harold Moore, 3rd, 4th, 5th from the right of the second row, and Bob Groves 1st from the right of front row.

teams and all home matches were well supported — villagers made their way to the "Warren" to see their heroes of the day, Sid and Charlie

Bartlett, Walt Denton, Harold Moore and Joe Hathaway to name a few. Joe was a leading light in the team and was a brilliant batsman. Dances and whist drives were very popular and these were held in the hut which was situated on ground below the old vicarage. Everyone enjoyed these occasions and the chance to meet up with their friends and neighbours but by some stroke of fate or grave oversight, Lord Eversley left no endowment fund for the upkeep of the six small cottages which he obviously intended to be almshouses. As time went on, the cottages fell into disrepair but through the efforts of Mrs. Thorne at "Highfield", local farmers and villagers, enough money was raised for renovation and construction of a memorial hall on the site of three of the cottages. The new hall would be most welcome.

Along this time the landlord of the Leather Bottle had a blacksmith's shop built for Arthur Christopher Thorp who was itching to have his chance as the village smithy. Arthur was an Essex man by birth and had lived with his in-laws-to-be when he had come to the locality — he reckoned Mattingley to be one of the richest parishes for there seemed so many wealthy people living there. He found plenty of work but no money for the farmers were struggling to make a living just as he was — everything was cheaper but one worked such long hours — it was nothing to be at the forge at 3 a.m. and still be there at 8.30 p.m. Arthur earned four shillings for shoeing a pony and seven shillings for shoeing a carthorse, sometimes he had to travel several miles to shoe horses but there was nothing extra for that. The Leather Bottle did an excellent trade, the locals referred to the Tap Room as the "Palace", for this is where they played darts, the only covering on the floor was a corn sack. The correct name for the inn was "The Leathern Bottle" but it was always called the "Bottle", this was essentially the village inn of Mattingley — originally the seat of parochial government and the venue of the annual dinner of the village Benefit Club. (The original Leathern Bottle was an ancient thatched building situated a short distance along the south side of Bottle Lane.)

Arthur married Emily Susan Bullock from Stokers Farm and their first home was in one of the new council houses which had been built on a nasty bend just before Hound Green, their rent was five shillings and two-pence a week. Emily was interested in Arthur's work and soon she could use a sledgehammer as well as he could, in fact if she felt he'd not done something right then she would tell him so. Emily had lost three brothers in the war, this was a terrible blow for they were so young.

CHAPTER 15

The age of the internal combustion engine and the aeroplane were upon us and Squadron Leader Hayter from Rotherwick had his own aeroplane — what's more he landed that plane in the village. Now to actually have one's own plane was quite a thing and Squadron Leader Hayter became a heroic figure especially in the eyes of the village lads — although it must be said that some of the older folk declared him as "being mad". Each evening, almost like a ritual, one could hear the drone of his "Puss Moth" as it flew towards Rotherwick. Children would run into the "Street" and watch as their hero flew round and round above his home (where Mr. Alley lives) and this would be a signal for Mrs. Hayter to get the old car out and drive it up to Cowfold Farm where the plane landed in Big Meadow. Shrieks of "Hayters coming" resounded

down the "Street" as hosts of children ran or cycled up to Cowfold Farm, for they might just see their hero land and then they would watch as he folded the wings back and pushed "her" into the "hangar".

At one village celebration Squadron Leader Hayter offered to take ten people up for a flip round in his plane — this caused absolute chaos for there were so many who wanted to "go up". It was decided to draw the names out of a hat and by some miracle or some fiddle, nine of the names drawn out were those of children. The Squadron Leader took each person up from the cricket field and flew them around the village and for those nine children, the experience was outstanding — they walked around with their little chests "thrown out" feeling very proud to have actually flown in an aeroplane.

It was in 1924 that Major Herbert Robin Cayzer was created a baronet (which is a hereditary dignity below that of a baron, carrying the title "Sir"), he was the chief employer and property owner in the village and much of the splendours of Sir Lionel Phillips's day were revived, the gardens had reached the peak of their beauty but few alterations were made to the house. He had become Master of the Garth Hunt and was deeply interested in his home and grounds and was a prominent local figure.

Another house with beautiful grounds was Heckfield Place which was built in the early nineteenth century by Charles Shaw-Lefevre, there was a farmhouse on the site and this was incorporated into the mansion. The gardens were always full of colour and charm and there were two beautiful lakes with natural surrounds flanked with billowing lawns which brought back sweet memories of Edwardian days, when the art of the gardener almost triumphed over nature. The trees were outstanding, cedars, Douglas fir, enormous beech and two rather unusual date palms. Col. Horace Walpole came to Heckfield Place in 1895 as its new squire and when he died twenty-four years later, the estates passed to his eldest daughter Dorothy, Mrs. Colin Davy.

The cook at Heckfield Place came from the village of Litchfield near Micheldever, she liked her job very much but had nowhere to go on her half day until she was invited to the home of Tom Harrison. Tom was the kitchen gardener and lived near the New Inn, both Tom and his wife made the young cook very welcome and so did their son George. It wasn't long before the Harrisons had a budding romance in their midst, however not all young men got on so well with girls, it was rather difficult if one was shy. Joe Cracknell was a choirboy at Heckfield, he'd made great friends with George Smith who was a likeable lad but George had a sister in the choir and whenever she came on the scene, Joe was lost for words, he'd nothing against her in fact he thought she was quite nice but he just couldn't think of anything to say. Perhaps he'd get more ambitious as he grew up! Joe's father was a keeper on the Copes estate at Bramshill while George Smith's father William, had been coachman and gardener to the Misses Piggott who were born in the old White House on the Heath (Heath Cottage) and died there at advanced ages. These two ladies knew no other home and their whole hearts centred in Heckfield and its interests, they both had a perfect genius for entertaining and their doors were always open to rich and poor alike. William met his wife while in their service, she was a Miss Cordery and worked in the house, then he went on to Park Corner where he was destined to stay sixty years in the Duke of Wellington's service.

Another well-known family were the Strongs, George had followed

in his father's footsteps as woodman on the Heckfield Place estate. He had six children — five boys and one girl although the war had claimed two of his sons. His brother William was a woodman too and he'd got eleven children and like George had lost two sons in the war. All the Stronges were great cricketers, there were three places where the game had been played — the Warren, Danmoor and Heckfield Place, although the latter's team was made up from workers on the estate.

All villages had their characteristic figures and many people were known only by their nicknames — this age was known as the "gay twenties" and certainly it would seem that village entertainment reached its peak — it was all "home-made" fun — sing-songs around the piano and concerts with the locals as the stars and any romance was of great interest. But everyone in Heckfield was concerned for Miss Helen Thorne for she had to bring her wedding forward because of her mother's illness. Mrs. Thorne knew she was dying and begged her son-in-law-to-be Major Newton, to go to the Vicar and ask him to marry them. The ceremony took place quietly with only nearest relatives present. Miss Helen was given away by her brother Lt.-Col. Andrew Thorne. Mrs. Thorne died happy — she'd got her wish, it had been six months since villagers had seen her and that had been at the Armistice Sunday service at Heckfield church, when the Rev. H. Fleming, Chaplain of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, had unveiled a tablet to the sixteen men from the village who had died in the Great War. Four of Mrs. Thorne's sons had answered the call to fight for their country and three of those sons whom she had parted with so bravely — did not return. Many thought that the terrible war was a war to end all wars — it would never happen again, there was a growing popularity of motoring and broadcasting was making great progress — the pre-war splendours of the debutantes being presented to the King and Queen was regained and then came the trouble in the mining industry which led to a national strike — this caused much worry and hardship and it was rather disconcerting to think that the country had been brought to a standstill. One person had no time to strike and that was Nancy Collier — her home laundry was so popular that three times a week the carrier from Hook would make a special stop at her laundry so as to pick up the huge hampers of clean washing to take to Highfield House. This hard-working woman didn't have much time for pleasure but occasionally she managed to get to a dance and oh how she could dance — her favourite being the polka. She just fascinated young Amy Gould for Nancy Collier was so light on her feet. Amy was born at School Farm in 1903, her father was shepherd for Col. Walpole whose two daughters had thought him fascinating, for he had his own little house on wheels and they simply loved to visit him during lambing time. Amy went to school at Hound Green and Sunday school in the little tin hut which stood in the woods at Mattingley. In this hut the children were taught all their prayers, collects and the catechism and there were three classes — one taken by Minnie Clayton, one by the Vicar and the other by a schoolteacher. Wonderful treats were given for the children by Evelyn, Duchess of Wellington, the Vicar and Col. and Mrs. Walpole. The Hound Green children loved going to Heckfield Place because horse-drawn wagons were sent to collect them and there was fresh clean straw for them to sit on, then when they arrived at the house, everyone was jolly.

Amy's family moved from School Farm to Keepers Cottage, Mattingley, and then to Hound Green. She had an elder brother but he emigrated to Australia, but for Amy Hound Green was everything — from where she lived to the "Gardeners Arms" the road was so narrow



Nancy Collier takes a few minutes off to pose for a photograph—here she proudly holds her granddaughter.

that the trees overhung and formed a long dark tunnel. (The Gardeners Arms is now a private house occupied by Mr. and Mrs. College.)

CHAPTER 16

Changes are inevitable but some were rather nice — George Harrison had married the cook from Heckfield Place while May Godden had married the gallant young Rotherwick soldier who had won the Military Medal. Their firstborn was a son and they named him Lionel. Jack Kenchington had returned to Laura and now they were happily settled in their home but often they thought back to that day when they had married at Odiham Registry Office, they had been looked down upon because they hadn't married in church but people hadn't understood, Jack had just three days before he went out to France, it was so easy to criticise. The thing was, in these small communities everyone knew everyone else's business and if they didn't know it then they would do their utmost to find out, romances were of great interest — there was

Ernest Povey who was walking out with a very nice girl who worked for Mrs. Harris St. John at Borough Court, her name was Kathleen Wyatt, then there was Bob Grove whose young lady came from Sherfield. Bob was determined that when he got married he would have a "place" of his own — so in his spare time he was building a bungalow in Vicarage Lane which was very narrow — there was no other dwelling except the Vicarage and the only car that used the lane was an Austin which belonged to the Rev. Crosbie-Oates. Bob was born and brought up in Heckfield, on leaving school he was apprenticed to a carpenter and joiner — he then worked for a real old-fashioned builders and wheelwrights by the name of "Yeo" at Swallowfield. Swimming and cricket were his pleasures and he played for his village side, it was a good



Pupils of Hound Green School pose for the photographer after dancing the Maypole. Amy Gould (now Mrs. Emplage) is 3rd from the right of the second row and Stella Allen (now Mrs. Rumbold) is 5th from right of second row.

side too and they had thrilled everyone by winning the "Meaker" Cup. Actually thrills or any diversion from everyday life was welcome for the "gay twenties" had receded and somehow the thirties were bringing harder times, jobs were scarce and everything was getting so expensive. Julius Theil Caesar had started a paper round in Rotherwick, every day he rose at 4 a.m. and cycled to Hook Station where he collected his batch of newspapers. He'd bought the whole round for a fiver and he was able to complete that round quickly for there were not all that many houses and Wedmans Lane wasn't made up at all.

Another place that was unspoilt was the common land on Hazeley Heath, this was probably due to the fact that scores of horses and cattle grazed there, so keeping the grass down — in fact it was all grass from Hazeley Heath to Hartley Wintney. Cricket was played on the "Heath" and tradition has it that someone hit the ball so hard that the batsmen ran fifty-seven runs before the ball was found, the scoring was done in a peculiar manner and one wonders how many would know what a "bavin and one" meant. Oscar Stacey was well known for this method of scoring especially at darts so to any strangers who happened to walk into the "Leather Bottle" they were rather bewildered by this strange language. One young man was used to all this for he was born near the "Green Man", an ancient inn situated on the edge of "The Lee" which was the former village green. William Privett knew the Heath like the back of his hand, he had walked to Hound Green School which was rather nice for he took all the short cuts but in winter when the floods came, William had to walk by what is known as "Clappers". He finished his schooldays at Rotherwick for his family had moved to the top of Mattingley Green, his first job was on a poultry farm starting at 7 a.m. and working until it was dark, it was hard and everything seemed strange until he met Rose Strong who came from a well-known Heckfield family. Their friendship was to blossom forth into marriage and their home was to be at Hound Green.

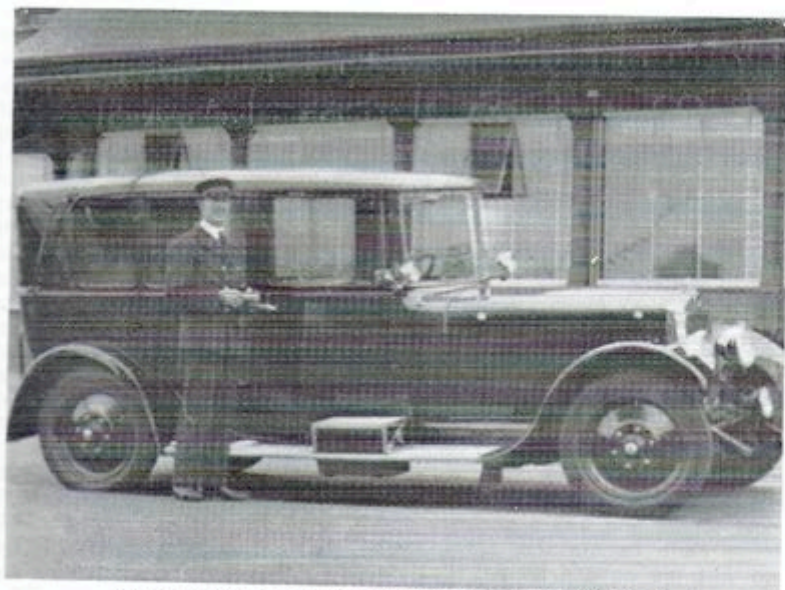
CHAPTER 17

There was much talk in Rotherwick about the proposed new village hall which had come about through the generosity of a rich American, Henry de Forrest, who had taken Tylney Hall on four occasions for the shooting season. That fourth time had been an unforgettable experience for after morning service, Mr. and Mrs. de Forrest had bade farewell to their only son Charles who was going on a world cruise — they were never to see their son again for he died at sea. Because Mr. and Mrs. de Forrest had found so much happiness in Rotherwick and their last memories of Charles were there, they wanted to give something that would be a lasting useful memorial — hence the village hall although it must be said that there was a choice — a new hall or almshouses, the hall got the vote although quite a few felt almshouses would have been better. Their argument was that if there was a new hall it would cost more to go to it and such good times were had in the old hall — one could have a good night out for 6d. — it would never be the same again. Actually their beloved old hall was to prove very useful in the near future but in a way no one at this time could foresee.

The plans for the new hall were vetted by Mrs. de Forrest's brother in America and he came over to see the hall when it was completed, it was the envy of places for miles around with its half-timbered front complete with herring-bone brickwork and two period chimneys. Inside

the layout and equipment were extremely modern even to having an electric kitchen and sprung dance floor. Dr. Avent took Mrs. de Forrest's brother to see the new hall and told him how much he admired an oak monumental plaque inside in memory of Charles Noyes de Forrest, the American smiled a broad smile and said he had himself designed the plaque. Just a year later Henry de Forrest came himself to see the hall and settle an endowment. Talking of the state of the world to Dr. Avent he said "Things are very bad in America". Dr. Avent nodded and said "Yes things are bad here too", to which the American replied "In America some of us thought we should never have to think about money anymore". This family who had been so kind to Rotherwick were such nice people and immensely rich.

Right now everyone was thinking about money for one word had crept into everybody's life — inflation. Jobs were scarce and money even scarcer. The Government of the day were actually making people take a cut in their salary to help the situation and there were those who were not going to remain silent — "it was nothing but a bloody cheek that's what it was and it was time the people of this country rose up and did something about it". But they were looked down on, for this was England — our beloved country which no one was going to ruin — things would come right and England would get over her troubles — how very true — in just a few years this little island would withstand something that no one wanted, but just now, not one person wanted to recognise the fact, for everyone had their own problems, there was Vernon Hillier who was desperate to find a house but it was like looking for a needle in a haystack. He was just eighteen when he met Margaret Blanche Patey at the "Grange" flower show and they had been courting ever since, both had made up their minds that they were not going to live in rooms. At one time it was quite easy to find a cottage with "To Let" in the window, but now that was a thing of the past. Vernon was born at



Vernon Hillier who was chauffeur to Mrs. Wingfield-Stratford.

Hartley Wintney and had attended the village school where Joseph Clotworthy was his master. His father George was village bandmaster and worked at "Shillings" nursery. Since leaving school Vernon had graduated from garden boy to chauffeur, at the early age of fourteen he was in charge of two cars, a "Willys Knight" and an "Austin 7", now he was chauffeur to Mrs. Wingfield-Stratford at Heckfield.

Private service was still one of the main sources of employment and at Rotherwick Sir Herbert Cayzer was the chief employer and property-owner — to actually stay in his mansion could only be described as a "lovely experience". One frequent visitor was Lady Dorchester, she always enjoyed her stay for the rooms were beautiful and so well kept and everyone was so very hospitable. The staff were kind and did their utmost to make one's stay really nice, there was an excellent butler called Vivian who had been with the family for years, his wife was an absolute artist with flowers and she did glorious arrangements in all the rooms — of course she was lucky because the gardens provided everything a flower arranger could wish for. Another nice girl was "Bella" the head housemaid, she was a Scot and spoke in a soft lilting voice. The outside staff kept the grounds beautifully and there seemed to be heaps of horses for Sir Herbert was interested in hunting, he had been Master and was now Joint Master of the Garth Hunt. He led a busy life but sadly his interests seemed to be outside the village, he was an M.P. and his shipping interests took him away a lot but he found time to be president of the Basingstoke Root and Stock Show and he was a very prominent local figure. Villagers saw more of Lady Cayzer (formerly Miss Freda Rathbone) and one woman never forgot her kindness. People had gone to the church just to see the floral decorations for the christening of the new baby from Tylney Hall, as May Whiteland stood admiring the flowers Lady Cayzer came into the church and seeing May with her new baby in her arms she enquired "Why don't you have your baby christened too?" May was so taken aback she didn't know what to say — so Lady Cayzer told her she would leave the decorations up so that she could have them and anyone else too. Together with one other village woman they had their babies christened in their delightful parish church which in a way was having its own "Rotherwick" flower festival.

The young men of the village looked forward to the shooting season for Sir Herbert Cayzer's shooting parties were really something and many beaters were needed, here was a chance to earn a few extra shillings for jobs and money was scarce. The estate seemed vast so besides beaters others were needed for "stopping" and loading, actually the lads had quite a good day, sometimes they got entertained for one or two of the old "toffs" hadn't much idea about shooting and they never forgot the story about "Puddy" Holloway getting shot up the backside.

CHAPTER 18

Joe Gain's father had come to Rotherwick when Tylney Hall was being vastly changed by Sir Lionel Phillips — in fact he was in such a hurry to get the work done that men worked night and day, the night shift working by the light of flares. Joe was born in the village, he attended the local school and was a choirboy and a scout. His first job was at Old House Farm (where Mrs. Mayer lives) which belonged to Tylney Hall and was the agent's house. His interest in the church continued, he blew the organ and helped ring the bells but another interest was the

"Forresters", and it was for them that he was destined to do valuable work. Another local man who worked hard was William Henry Smallbone at Cowfold Farm, he was a native of Old Basing — in fact there had been Smallbones at Poors Farm for 135 years. William had married into a very well-known Old Basing family. Elsie Hall was the daughter of the village blacksmith and her family could be traced back three or four hundred years. They had come to Cowfold in 1923, it was a mixed farm and there was always plenty to do but there were nine children growing up and no doubt they would help if needed. The farm was well known for it was in "Big Field" that Squadron Leader Hayter used to land his aeroplane which was a great attraction, especially for the village children. Billy Whistler lived quite near to Squadron Leader Hayter — in fact his home had previously been a carpenters' and wheelwrights' and it had been occupied by Julius Caesar who ran a laundry there. Julius had employed several women and one of them was "Cassie" Trimmer who was born at Hound Green. Cassie married a village man, Percy Whistler, and she was to run the laundry, business was brisk, she did the washing for most of the "big" houses, for a school at Hartley Wintney and for the church. Water was drawn from a well, in fact all cottages or cluster of cottages had a well, Sir Lionel Phillips was the first to have mains water laid on — he had a stand pipe put beside one of the lodges so that villagers could go and draw mains water. The name Whistler like that of Caesar is widely known as a local name and has been recorded in the village for a great number of years. When Billy started school Miss Maxfield had succeeded Johnny Bye and lived with her two sisters in the schoolhouse — Billy liked school but he could never get over the wonderful parties given for the children at Tylney Hall for he always had to dress in his Sunday clothes, but it was worth it for the spread that Sir Herbert and Lady Cayzer put on was truly magnificent and the house was lovely too.

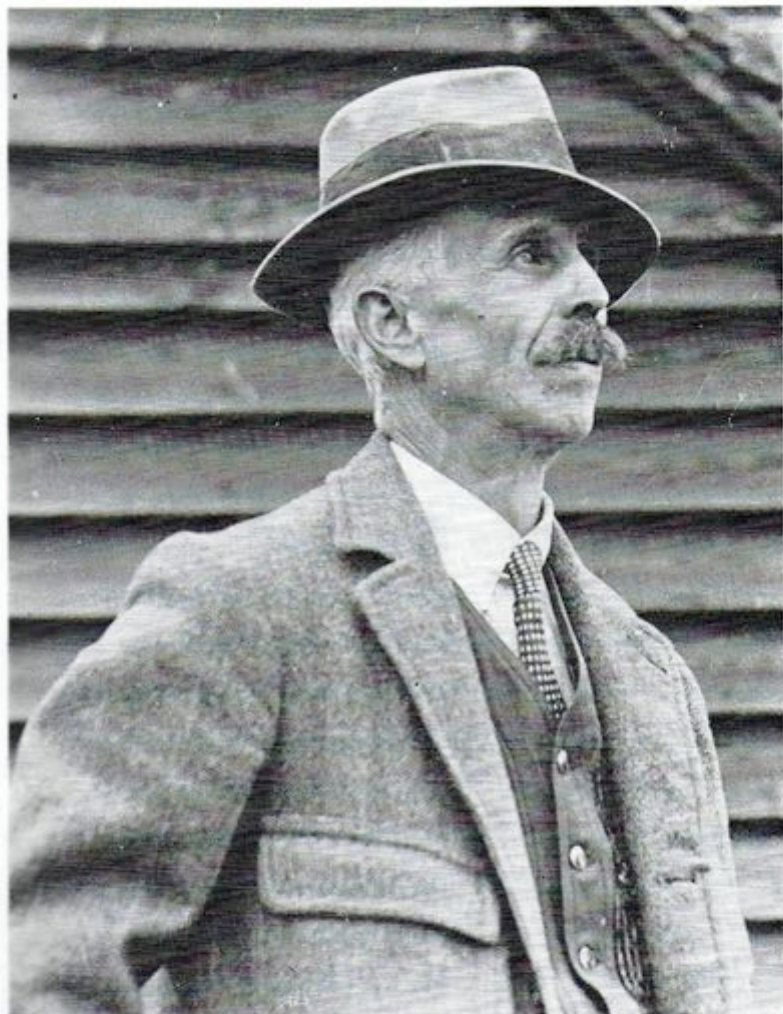
The beautiful parkland at Tylney was ideal for any big function and Empire Day was always a very English day, especially when no less than a thousand children made their way into Rotherwick for the Young Britons' Rally. All morning a cavalcade of motor coaches brought the children from all over Wessex. This great gathering was to assemble at 2 p.m., when they were split into four groups to represent Canada, South Africa, New Zealand and Australia. Sir Herbert and Lady Cayzer knew what a problem it would be to keep the children amused before and after the rally so they hired a gigantic fun fair. Music was to be by the Royal Military College at Camberley and some very notable guests were among Sir Herbert's party, the opening address was to be given by the former Prime Minister of Canada, the Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett, other speakers included Miss Irene Ward and Viscount Hailsham who was accompanied by the Viscountess. As Sir Herbert (who was chairman) led the guests on to the platform great cheers went up and the main theme of his opening speech was the strengthening of the band of unity between the Mother Country and Canada, New Zealand, Australia and South Africa. Not very long ago another person had stood and addressed not a thousand but a hundred women. She had stood in the billiard room at Tylney Hall and had explained just why her husband had had to say "goodbye" to Rotherwick. He had to go back to South Africa because there lay his field of labour as a member of the South African Federal Parliament, his mission was to strengthen the bands of unity between South Africa and the Mother Country. Lady Phillips was accompanied by her son Harold as she stood and greeted each of her hundred guests, all women living on the estate. They had been brought in a fleet of

brakes hired from Messrs. Hayden of Hook and Mr. W. Poulter. It was a very special occasion for the women had collected enough money to buy a beautiful silver rose bowl and today they were to present it to their "Squire's" wife. The tea was sumptuous and Mrs. Roberts the housekeeper took the women on a conducted tour of the Hall, then came the presentation followed by entertainment, which was really exciting. An up-to-date cabinet gramophone had been hired, one of the best of its kind and the women listened to a varied repertoire ranging from Tetrizzini in grand opera to the more humorous songs of Harry Lauder, undoubtedly it was a great treat especially to those who had not had the privilege of hearing these singers.

It was a coincidence that Sir Herbert Cayzer and Lady Phillips had both used the same theme in their speeches but no one who attended that wonderful Empire Day Rally at Tylney Hall could possibly foresee that in just a few short months everyone's life was to change dramatically. The pattern of every village in England was changing, the population was increasing and the self-contained villages with their industries were on the decline, land was needed for building and better roads would have to be built, people were getting dissatisfied for money and jobs were still hard to come by, but all was not well with the world, dark clouds were gathering although most of the people turned a blind eye to the fact that another war was imminent.

CHAPTER 19

It was as if there was a great awakening to the fact that if England was to survive, defence preparations were urgent, men suddenly found that they were actually needed and what's more money was no object. It was ridiculous to think that all these years people had struggled to exist, now it was going to take another war to create jobs. Most farmers had little time to think of war for they worked from daylight to dusk seven days a week, one such man was William Appleyard at Creek Farm. William was a Yorkshireman by birth and he'd had an interesting life as a headkeeper, working for well-known families all over the country. He was dedicated to his job but constant night work in all weathers took its toll and William suffered several bouts of pneumonia. He met his wife Ethel while in the service of Mr. Gerald Hardy in Derbyshire, Ethel was the cook and they found courting very difficult for it was frowned upon between servants, however they managed on the sly. Eventually William left his keepership to be a farmer — he loved the land which was just as well for when he came to Creek Farm he had thirty acres of fields covered in rushes. It was quite a task clearing those rushes but he did it by draining the land and digging out all the ditches. William and Ethel had a son and a daughter Gwendoline who had married William Selfe from Lee Farm, Hazeley Lee. William was only twelve when his father took Lee Farm, he had left school to help for there was much to do, the milking was all done by hand and the milk had to be ready to be collected at 6 a.m. so this meant rising at the unearthly hour of two o'clock to get it all done. Market day was their busiest day for one had to drive the cattle through the long winding lanes into Basingstoke, but now the day of the cattle drovers was gone, everything was changing, even Hazeley Lee, for when Mr. and Mrs. Selfe arrived, the Lee was a favourite haunt of the gipsies and their ponies and traps were everywhere. They were a friendly crowd and served a useful purpose by helping on the farms and their children filled Hound Green



William Appleyard taken at Creek Farm.

School, but now it was so different for as the gipsies moved on the number of children fell sharply and Hound Green School was closed. William and Gwen were married at Mattingley church, they were very happy and just couldn't believe that another war was brewing but they were assured this was so for at this time Mrs. Cole was living at Highfield House, she was the sister-in-law of the Prime Minister, Neville Chamberlain, and the whole area was rife with rumours of his visits and what was supposed to be happening. Ironically his fateful broadcast to the nation was to go down in history and through him a brief but important chapter in the history of Highfield House was to be unfolded.

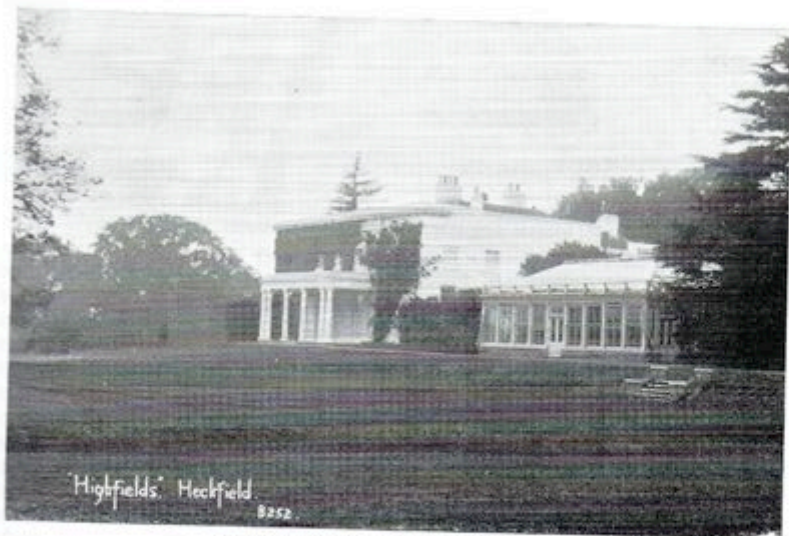
This Second Great War was to cause even greater changes in the everyday life of the nation than the first one, from every village and

town the young men were called up to serve their country and it also heralded the closing down of many things that one had known and loved. Two of the Heckfield choirboys were soon in uniform, Joe Cracknell went into the 51st Highland Division and served out in Africa but George Smith didn't fare so well and was taken prisoner, this was especially worrying for a young Nanny at "Three Oaks", Bramshill. Nora Skipper had first set eyes on George when he was pruning roses at the house where she worked, as she watched George she had said to herself "I'm going to marry him", Nora had a very long worrying wait. George was sadly missed for not only had he been a choirboy but he was the organist at Heckfield church, the previous organist and choirmaster was Mr. Walters and he had given George lessons and encouraged him in every way, so that he could succeed him in 1934.

Vernon Hillier's job as a chauffeur had finished, he found employment with a garage and then went to work for the local council as a dustman. He married "Blanche" at Winchfield and when they came out of church the scouts formed an archway of poles, when Vernon said he wondered why they did that he was told "poles were better than dustbins". They made their home at the "Dingle" on Hazeley Heath, like all the other cottages there was no piped water, only a well, no electricity only oil lamps and candles and cooking had to be done on a range, if one was lucky enough to have one. The Heath was to change for the Army were to take it over for a tank-testing ground, but thank goodness for men like "Buckle" Sumner who made besom brooms and James Neville who baked bread in the real old country style, they were a link with the life everyone had known and loved.

At Rotherwick Sir Herbert Cayzer had been created a Baron in the King's Birthday Honours — it had been conferred for political and public services. He took the title Baron Rotherwick of Tylney and the war was to bring his interests to the village when Tylney Hall became the headquarters of the Clan Line Shipping Company.

An Army camp was being built at Heckfield and it was understood



"Highfield" before being camouflaged.

that a Scottish regiment was coming, a little further down the road a very tired and disillusioned man came to seek the peace that he was unable to give the world. The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain came to Highfield as a stricken man — worn out by his vain efforts to secure peace, but he was not forgotten for His Majesty King George VI visited him and so Highfield had received its second royal visitor, the first being King George III and Queen Charlotte.

Security needs plastered the white walls of Highfield with camouflage but still German airmen dropped their bombs perilously near, smashing the windows in. On 9th November, 1940 Neville Chamberlain died — so it was in this tiny little Hampshire village that he had finally found the peace he so badly sought. Over at the New Inn there were strangers in the bar, they had come from London to get their headline stories. Not for a long time had Heckfield been so much in the news, although before very long it was to receive yet another royal guest.

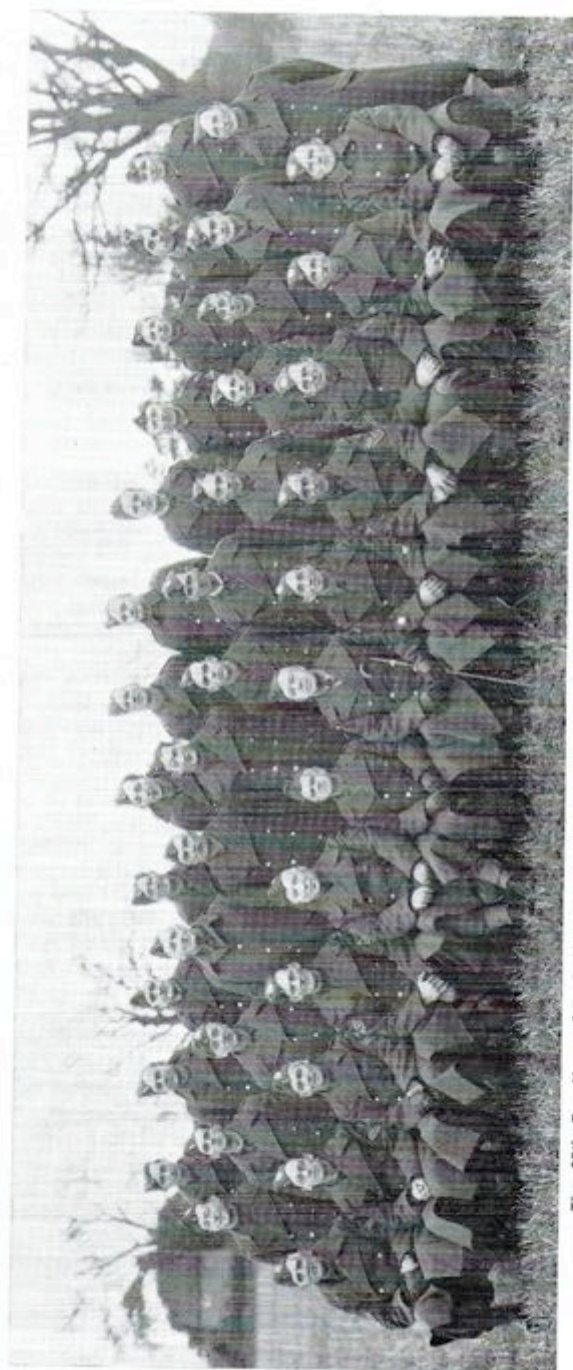
CHAPTER 20

As the war dragged on and the bombing increased the old wooden village hall at Rotherwick became very useful for families who had lost everything in the blitz, they were glad to make the old place their home, if only for a short time. Most nights one could hear the German planes as they droned over the village but one evening as James Poulter stood chatting to Squadron Leader Hayter, they could hear what sounded like hundreds of planes coming towards the village, it was quite light and soon they could see the bombers clearly, Squadron Leader Hayter yelled at Jim to take cover "It's those bloody Gerries". After a few minutes they heard a dreadful whining noise followed by a terrific thud, it sounded near Hook. Both men appeared and watched as more and more planes flew over, then they saw a spectacular sight as the guns at Turgis Green opened fire narrowly missing a bomber — but the force of the shell exploding lifted the German plane up. When all was quiet James cycled like mad for Hook Station for he was a ganger on the "line", on arrival he was told that a bomb had dropped at Water End so instead of going home he was required to make up a team to guard the large crater.

As they stood looking down into the crater they came to the conclusion that it was going to take some filling in, the rails were twisted and blown away for a considerable length, it would take days to repair, then suddenly one of the men said "I don't know, that looks to me like a fin right down in that hole", he was right and so the railwaymen were removed and an Army bomb disposal unit called in. The next morning the whole area was shaken by a deafening explosion — the bomb had gone off killing the five men working on it.

Capt. Harper had taught Ernest Povey to drive and it had proved useful for now he was a coach driver in the R.A.F. His passengers were rather special for they were members of the crews of the mighty Wellington bombers. Out they would go all cheerful and full of chatter but when Ernest sat at the wheel awaiting the bombers to land he would wonder how many empty seats he would have. One of the racecourses known as the Roly Mile was a landing strip for distressed aircraft — going out to collect the crews of these aircraft was grim for more often than not there were many casualties, the rear gunners in the Wellingtons out there at the back, virtually on their own often came under heavy machine gun fire.

Tylnay Hall was a hive of activity — the beautiful ballroom, drawing



The 25th Bn. Home Guard, Newnham and Rotherwick Platoon which included staff of the Clan Line Shipping Co.

room and library looked so different for there were desks everywhere — most of this vast Hall was taken over as the headquarters of the Cian Line Shipping Co., some of their staff lodged out in the village and any empty houses were taken over. Women from the village went in to help do the cleaning, among them was Mrs. Grace Poulter whose husband "Dickie" worked for Lord Rotherwick at Home Farm. Grace would get to the Hall before seven for all the cleaning had to be done by nine, but the women got it done. Grace was a villager, she had attended the local school and had lived in a thatched cottage down Wedmans Lane (this row of three cottages have long since disappeared), her father Mr. Whatmore had worked for Sir Lionel Phillips and looked after all the drainage. She married Dickie Poulter who was born and brought up in Rotherwick, he too worked on the estate and was a great cricketer and footballer.

Some of the staff of the Clan Line joined the Newnham and Rotherwick platoon of the Home Guard which for three years was commanded by Lord Rotherwick, this extra influx of staff from the Hall swelled the platoon to around the forty mark and at times they had a lot of fun. One night the men had to assemble at the Hall for a lecture by some colonel on the art of using guns to their best advantage. When the colonel arrived he had a few words with the men and then disappeared into the Hall. After a while the men got fed up with hanging around — "I reckon he's having a fair old wet in there," said one man who had served in the First World War, "I'm fed up with this, I know all about guns, I will show you." So the men gathered round as their pal showed them how to load and prepare to fire. Not one of them knew how it happened but the gun went off, blasting part of the stables down, dust was everywhere and the language was blue. All sorts of plans were thought up as to how to intercept the Germans when they arrived in Rotherwick — it was imagined that they would probably arrive in tanks so tree houses would be built at crucial points along their route. The idea was a knock-out — all one had to do was to position one of the Home Guard in the tree house complete with a Mills bomb — as the enemy tank passed below him he would pull out the pin and drop the bomb into the turret of the tank. It all sounded so easy but one old boy suddenly said "Bloody stupid! What do you think we are? We'd get blown up too, and what if they ain't got the turret open?" Of course one wasn't expected to put forward such statements but then half of the battalion wasn't even armed!

At Heckfield the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders were well established in their camp, they supported any dances and everyone tried to make them feel at home. Lady Cayzer got the village women to entertain them in Rotherwick Village Hall and it was much appreciated, but out at Heckfield a veil of secrecy surrounded the visit of the Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment, once again this little Hampshire village was to entertain royalty, for Her Majesty the Queen came to inspect her regiment.

By now everyone was used to food rationing and the endless queues but people just accepted it — there flowed a wonderful spirit, everyone was helpful, sympathetic and people talked to one another and gave lifts to one another. Mr. Churchill gave his morale-boosting speeches which told that everyone was fighting for and working for a better world and when it was all over there would be homes for heroes and everything would be so different — but would it? The war was dragging on, so many things had closed down and certain people did their best to make the children's life happy, at this time Miss Newall was living in "Crocus Cottage" (now Mattingley Green Cottage), she would watch as five

young boys played cricket on the Green, other children would join them, they had no proper bats or wickets — it was all very makeshift and Miss Newall thought she would put that to rights. The five boys lived at Church Farm, their parents William and Gwen Selfe had moved there to help Gwen's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Appleyard who had previously farmed Creek Farm. William Appleyard kept chickens, pigs for bacon and a dairy herd, his motto was "The pigs will pay our rent, the chickens will keep us in food and the dairy herd will be our savings". There were some who thought this odd but they hadn't reckoned with William's practical Yorkshire mind.

Michael Selfe and his four brothers were absolutely over the moon when Miss Newall bought them their cricket gear, it was so kind of her and she would sit for ages watching the children play, other treats included a summer and Christmas outing. One couple needed no treats at all for they had their own entertainment, Walter and Lizzie Leggatt lived at The Cottage, Mill Road, Heckfield, they had a large garden and kept ducks and chickens. The Cottage which belonged to the Duke of Wellington, was thatched and situated in what Lizzie termed as enchanting woods, she loved her chickens and one was the cause of much fascination — he smoked cigarettes! Now to have a cockerel that smoked was really something but there it was — "George" loved a smoke, he would hop up on to a stool and wait while Walter put the cigarette into his beak — lit it and left "George" to enjoy his smoke.

Lizzie's family were very much connected to the Duke of Wellington's estate, she was born at Stratfield Saye where her father was a gardener — her grandfather had worked in the brewery on the estate and her uncle, Tom Benham, had been caretaker at Stratfield Saye House when it was unoccupied and "slept on" the Duke's silver.

CHAPTER 21

Watkin James had done well, he was an accountant with Jones and Grainger in Reading and had married Mona Salmon. Life with Watkin was interesting — he wasn't musical or one for "gadding" about but loved writing, nature study and he was a member of the Meteorological Society and recorded the rainfall in Heckfield. During the evenings he took his place alongside other members of the Home Guard, but he had already started his History of Mattingley and Heckfield, which was so thorough and well written. Mona was always interested in the village, the church, Guides and she helped with the cricket teas — but now all sporting activities had ceased. Thousands of miles from Heckfield Joe Cracknell's regiment were expecting a very important visitor which turned out to be Winston Churchill, the men cheered him but when "Monty" came on the scene it was as if all hell was let loose. Joe's regiment was with the 6th Airborne Division and the men thought the world of Monty — he was a marvellous man — always before a battle he ordered a terrific barrage to be put up which inevitably saved lives and the men never forgot his tactics. At times Joe felt a bit homesick and started to write to George Smith's sister, he probably didn't realise that he was starting a friendship that was to last a lifetime.

During the early 'thirties the Girdle family had moved to Purdies Farm on Hazeley Heath, they probably thought that there was a private war going on on their doorstep for the Heath was churned up beyond all recognition — the Army were using it for a tank training ground. Even at this time everyone knew everyone else on the Heath and the



Watkin and Mona James after their wedding.

Lee, there was Harry and Fred Simonds who had come in the early 'twenties, the Harr's family, Mary Hicks who had married Naylor Williams, the Hathaway family and of course Vernon and Blanche Hillier. If one had a baby it wasn't so funny trying to push the pram through all the mud — Vernon had some very choice language about the tanks and their occupants. Naylor and Mary kept the "Hatch Gate" public house which stood in Heckfield parish until it was transferred to Bramshill parish in a boundary adjustment of 1930.

The name is topical for a hatch gate stood near the spot for many centuries; the use of these gates was to prevent cattle and other animals straying from the commons on to the cultivated fields; they were of manorial origin and long preceded turnpikes. Originally an old thatched cottage stood on the site but just when this house became an inn is unknown. The house is another example of a Victorian "dolls house" building of brick and slate.

The Red Cross were very active in Heckfield and met every Wednesday at the Vicarage — they did all sorts of things for the war effort and made it their business to welcome and keep in touch with evacuees. The Vicar of Heckfield was the Rev. H. R. P. Tringham (who was destined to be the last Vicar of Heckfield to occupy this house, for the benefices of Heckfield and Mattingley were to unite and the Vicarage sold).

CHAPTER 22

Great celebrations marked the end of the war — there were parties for young and old alike and church services too, at Heckfield the bells rang out the joyful message of victory, flags and bunting went up, but



For one young man the end of the war brought great happiness, Joe Cracknell gets a warm welcome from the Rev. Tringham before his wedding to "Nellie" Smith.

the pattern of English rural life was changing rapidly, it was becoming impossible to rent a cottage for as soon as one became vacant then that cottage was sold to the better-off. Private service was never the same for hardly anyone could afford servants, even the rich were feeling the pinch for money had dropped in value. The workingman's attitude to life had changed, after all he'd fought for a better life, he no longer wanted to work from daylight to dusk and he wanted holidays with pay and a shorter working week. Life was becoming more hectic and everyone began to wonder — would it ever be the same again?

The war may be over but great changes were coming especially in Rotherwick and when it became known that His Lordship was to sell his home and estate, many felt it was the end of everything, it could never be the same again. As chief employer and property owner in the village Lord Rotherwick's decision to sell would split the whole village up and what would happen to all the employees? It was a worrying thought.

Over at Heckfield the Army were pulling out of their camp, it would seem strange without them but it was understood their accommodation huts were to be left and everyone wondered why — surely it would be far nicer to dismantle them and let the area go back to its natural beauty. Some of the soldiers who had been stationed at Heckfield

asked the strangest questions, one American airman wanted to know "Who's that guy up there on the monument?" When he was told it was the Duke of Wellington he replied "Say, how about that?" The monument was erected in 1866 by Arthur Richard, second Duke, and the tenants, servants and labourers on the estates of his father as a token of affection and respect. The statue, in bronze, is eight feet nine inches high and the whole monument eighty-two feet high. The Duke is wearing the uniform of a Field Marshal.

As the men returned home from the Services they had to try to pick up the threads of their lives — it wasn't easy. At Rotherwick the great sale was all ready — people listened silently as the different farms, fields, cottages and woodlands came under the hammer. If anything was going to alter Rotherwick — then this was it — it was unbelievable. Poplars Farm lying to the north of the village went for £11,100, West End Farm with its Georgian farmhouse, £11,500, Money's Farm £7,000, Bunker's Hill Farm, £8,100, Whitehouse Farm £7,900, Bartlett's Farm Cottage, which was derelict, £950, Rooks and Church Farm £9,400, Runten's Farmhouse, which was being used as two separate dwellings, £850, The Old Rectory £6,300, Street End Copse £18,000, The Tylney Home Farm with its model dairy £35,500, the attractive half-timbered Tubs Cottage near Hartley Mill Farm £400, and one very disturbing item — Rotherwick's delightful cricket ground with its timber and thatched pavilion, this was bought by a man from the Milk Marketing Board and he was going to make the pavilion his home, now what would the village do with no cricket pitch? The sale went on and on and everyone felt stunned — it was as if the whole village was being carved up into little pieces but what was going to happen to Tylney Hall? It didn't take



The late Lord Rotherwick, who was the last private owner of Tylney Hall.

long for its future to become known — it was going to be taken over by Middlesex County Council as a special school for delicate children. It was back in 1944 that an Act was passed whereby children who were delicate or had some disability were to be educated in special schools. Middlesex County Council were always in the forefront in this field and seized upon the chance to put these schools into operation. Tylney Hall was one of eleven mansions taken over but it was going to take a little time to prepare — for instance Lord Rotherwick took almost a year to move out and when Mr. and Mrs. Kirby came they had just one room

with only a paraffin heater for warmth, it seemed very eerie — for they were surrounded by a hundred empty rooms.

As Tylney's first Head Mr. Kirby took on just three of Lord Rotherwick's staff, two gardeners and Mr. Wright who was the excellent engineer. All available women from the village were taken on to cook and clean but straight away there arose a problem, most of the women were married and wanted to be home quite by five in order to cook their husbands a meal. As the evening meal at the Hall wasn't served until 6.30 p.m. another source of domestic staff had to be sought, luckily Mr. Kirby knew someone in France who was in the hotel business and through him French staff came over — they not only solved a domestic problem but they fulfilled a wish to learn the English language.

When the school opened there were seventy children of all ages, it was designed to take one hundred and eighty, ninety boys and ninety girls. These children had such things as asthma, post polio and all kinds of chest ailments, their fees were £180 per year which covered the cost of food and board only — the education was free, although it must be said that there was a sliding scale to help parents who were not in a position to pay the fees. There were no difficulties with teaching staff, residential teachers got money anyway and they were all very taken with the Hall which was beautiful and it was obvious to all that it had been a much-loved home. The grounds were not so good probably due to the fact that for a year there were only one or two gardeners trying to keep it up. One of the lakes was completely covered with weed and Middlesex sent their botanical adviser, Francis Perry, down to give advice which was "I can get rid of the weed but it will kill the fish". Mr. Kirby didn't want that for the children loved fishing, so he said he would wait and hope someone would come up with another idea — little did he realise that it would be a member of Lord Rotherwick's family who would solve the problem.

Part of the parkland at Tylney Hall was bought by a firm who hoped to use it for a very special purpose and if everything went according to plan — it would be unique. Gardeners at Kew were consulted and soil tests were taken to see if these young shrubs would grow — it was decided they would so the shrubs which had been sent over from America were planted. Naturally it was going to take time and there were difficulties to overcome such as the climate. Dickie Poulter was the manager for Optrex and he supervised the cultivation of the thirty to forty-acre site and estimated that it was going to take around five years before the first plantation of witch hazel could be cut — then production would start. The whole plantation was split into five-acre plots and one plot per year was to be cut between October and March, then the process of cutting the wood up into tiny pieces would start followed by pulping.

CHAPTER 23

At Heckfield the council had taken over the old Army camp and were making use of the huts to house homeless families, somehow everything seemed different, life was becoming one mad rush and bitterness was creeping in for as the young men and women had returned from the war, they found that if they wanted to marry and settle in their village it wasn't possible, for one thing the cottages were not being let but sold to the better-off; if one wanted a home then one had to look further afield.

Private service was never the same again — for one thing it became



The Rotherwick Cricket Team, 1952. Standing: G. E. Godden (Hon. Sec.), J. Poulter, H. Leadbetter, C. Gains, M. Perrett, W. May, P. Moss, J. Gains (Umpire). Sitting: J. Leadbetter, F. Mileham, P. Hillier, Mrs. Reader (Scorer), W. Carter, H. Kirby. Inset: Mrs. Harper who bowled the first ball.



Rotherwick Football Club.

far too expensive to keep servants and the value of money had dropped — the population was increasing and in times past, folk had been satisfied with one or two outings a year, now all one heard about was more leisure. There had been changes to do with the church, in 1949 the benefices of Heckfield and Mattingley were reunited and the new parson was the Rev. Frederick Thornton Ault, while Rotherwick was one of seven parishes.

Capt. Harper had lost his wife not long after coming to Rotherwick and was remarried in the early 'thirties to a woman who had great feeling for the village and its people. She had worked tirelessly alongside others who had one common aim — to raise enough money to purchase the playing fields back for Rotherwick. The cricket field and pavilion were originally laid out for the benefit of the village by Sir Lionel Phillips — unfortunately the ground was never formally handed over to Rotherwick and on the outbreak of war the land was ploughed up. Then at the sale of the property, it passed into private hands. Now the appeals committee were overjoyed for enough money had been raised. On 12th July, 1952 Brig. H. F. Dawes, D.S.O., M.C., who was the chairman of the committee, addressed the crowd who had gathered to see the opening ceremony, the principal guests were assembled before the handsome pavilion which many a town might envy. The toast was "To Mrs. Harper" for all the good work she had done in recent months for the playing field and to Air Commodore E. A. Masterman the representative of the National Playing Fields Association who had given the committee the greatest help during its teething troubles. After the formal opening the first cricket match to be played was between Hook and Rotherwick, Mrs. Harper was escorted by the Air Commodore to the wicket and she delivered the first ball — an underarm which the Hook opening batsman blocked. Teams and spectators alike greeted the action with applause.

William Appleyard had decided to retire from Church Farm and leave it in the capable hands of his son, he was so grateful to Gwen and her husband for all their help and he bought Aldermoor Farm for them which was approximately thirty-five acres. William and Ethel were to retire to Hazeley Heath and they picked a spot with the most glorious view — from their windows they could look out on to what was once "theirs".

Local people were very concerned for Watkin James who was so ill. He had the urge to study and write about his village from the time he was a boy. His History of the Parishes of Mattingley and Heckfield was a work of 150,000 words and of the two copies he had typed — one was already in the History Museum at Winchester.

The new village bobby was Pc. Vivian Lucas who had moved from Cowplain to Mattingley, he came from a family of policemen — his father was stationed at Liss and retired from the force there after having done his time and his cousin was the first policewoman in Bournemouth. Pc. Lucas did his rounds on his bicycle which in a way was a very good thing for it provided a personal link with the public. He loved beekeeping, country and wild life while Mrs. Lucas was interested in the church, they had a baby son, Nigel.

At Tynley Hall, Mr. Kirby received a telephone call from the young Lord Rotherwick asking if he might come and see his old home together with his brother and sister. The visit was a great success and the "school" was to benefit in two ways from it, for Mr. Kirby had tried unsuccessfully to take the children to Southampton to see over a liner, Lord Rotherwick put this to rights and fixed a conducted tour over one of the Union Castle ships. His brother, Major Cayzer, solved the "weed on the lake" problem,

he had a friend who kept Indian water fowl and he was sure they were better than any chemicals — he was right. Six of these birds were sent to the school and they were an immediate success, besides eating the weed they multiplied in numbers and kept the lake beautifully clean.

On 22nd February, 1954 Mr. Cummings came to Tylney Hall as head gardener, he'd had an interesting career starting at the age of fourteen under Fred Streeter, who was a non-drinker and non-smoker. To work under Fred was quite an experience for he expected one to work hard but at least he taught one to do the job properly. Tom Cummings worked with Fred for four years at Wormley Bury, Herts, their boss was Major Pam, an Austrian Jew. One day Fred came up to Tom and said: "Lad, it's time you got another job, if you want to learn the work properly you must go to a bigger place, I'll keep my ears and eyes open for you." Mr. Streeter kept his word and Tom learnt that his new job was to be at Chatsworth House, in Derbyshire. Mrs. Cummings took her son to St. Pancras and put him on the train, as it steamed away Tom felt very lonely, it was the first time he'd been away from home. Chatsworth was a lovely house and thirty-five gardeners kept the place immaculate, while a regiment of servants looked after the house, there were twelve housemaids and one of them was rather nice — at least Tom thought so. She told him how hard they had to work, up at 5 a.m. cleaning horrible steel grates and everything had to be spick and span before the "Mrs." got up, servants were expected to go to church and had to sit right at the back out of sight of "the family", the time off was poor, half a day every other Sunday and the cook was a bitch — the servants were lucky if they got their supper for as often as not the cook would throw the pots at them.

The single gardeners lived in what was known as the "Bothy", they bought their own food and a woman would come in from the village to look after them, they would take it in turns to cook the breakfast and get the tea.

Tom stayed at Chatsworth for twenty years before moving to Compton Place with the Duke of Devonshire but the Duke suddenly died at the early age of 56, so it was another move this time to Tylney Hall which in a way was a similar set up to Chatsworth with lakes, trees, park and gardens, but Tom didn't leave Chatsworth empty handed for he married the nice housemaid at Bakewell Church and they had two sons and two daughters. Mrs. Cummings worked in the school on the domestic side and really loved her job for the school was very nice and so well run. Mr. Kirby was a disciplinarian but there was no need for corporal punishment, he insisted on good behaviour and good manners and he got results. Actually he had felt in a very strange position as Tylney's headmaster — did the village people accept their Squire's home as a school? He wasn't at all sure and realised that the children would have to win their way into the hearts of the Rotherwick people, this took time but gradually the village realised that they could really count on the Tylney children helping at the church and at fetes.

Ernest Povey had married his Kathleen and they were to make their home in a cosy little cottage in Rotherwick Street, Kathleen soon found herself a worthwhile job as head cook at Tylney Hall but one woman had retired from her busy life, this was Nancy Collier who had lost her beloved Charles some time previously. Nancy was eleven years younger than her husband but it was a terrible blow to lose him, she'd seen interesting things during her life having gone to the 4th Duke of Wellington's funeral and seen him taken from his home to church on a wagon drawn by horses. (Doctor Comber was the Duke's doctor and

slept at the house until the Duke died.) Nancy had gone into the vault — the Duke was the last to rest there for it was later bricked up.

A good-natured Scot by the name of McConachie farmed "Bunkers Hill", he had come in 1951 and had a pedigree herd of large white pigs and arable land. His farm manager was Thomas Henry Taylor, a Devon man, who had previously worked at White House Farm for Keith Sims, but Keith died when only 40 from a heart condition. "Bunkers Hill" was always considered a first-class agricultural holding, the farm is of brick and tile construction with conveniently-placed farm buildings.

It was in 1955 that Mr. and Mrs. Neil Jones came to Rooks Farm, their farmhouse which stands on rising ground on the north side of the village is of brick and tile and was built around the same time as the "Old Rectory". Neil farms 240 acres and has beef cattle and sheep, his crops include peas, potatoes and rape and the things that grow best are grass and winter cereals. Another interest is his dairy which he started with 30 cows at Church Farm. (It's interesting to note that Church farmhouse is reputedly of sixteenth century origin.)

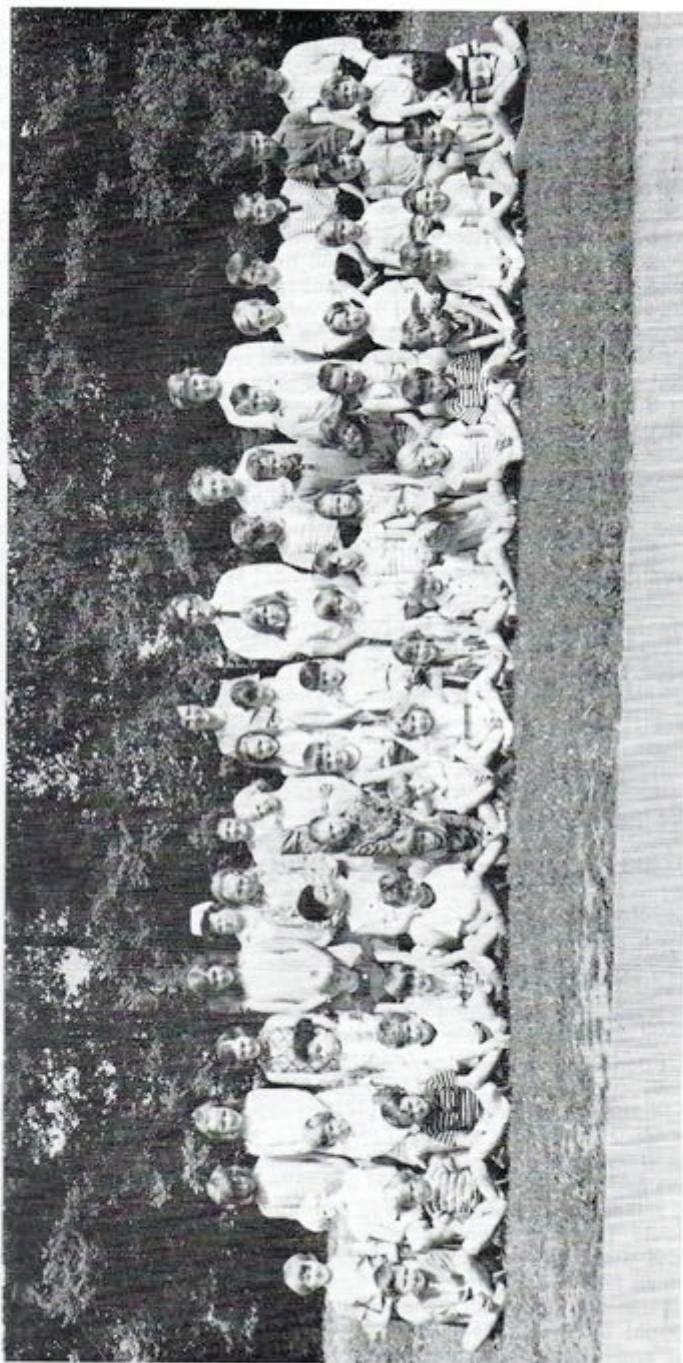
Another former farmhouse is now called "The Old House", it has most attractive mellowed brickwork, Tudor chimneys and the old barns have been adapted tastefully, until comparatively recently it was the home of successive agents of Tynney Hall estate, from Col. Frederick Wellesley onwards.

Rotherwick is a delightful little Hampshire village, so many of its houses and buildings are of interest — like the Coach and Horses which has probably seen four centuries and is believed to have been a coaching inn, numbers 13 and 16 The Street, now occupied by Mrs. Reader (known to all as Trudi), are dated in the 1600s and went for £850 when Lord Rotherwick sold up the estate, but as time had gone on the old characters were disappearing, familiar faces like that of "Ju" Caesar were gone forever, he was a grand old man and was laid to rest in 1952, and gradually village folk realised that it wasn't quite the same, they didn't know everyone and the cottages were being snapped up by strangers, they were not sure if they liked it but it was happening in villages all over England — life was different, it was becoming more hectic.

One man who had adored his village and spent a lifetime writing its history had died, Watkin John James had a tumour behind the eye and this eventually killed him, for Mona life was empty but she realised that she had his immense work which others might like to read and luckily two men were to undertake the task of editing a popular-sized little book, which although a frail offspring of the original would mean that his work would live. The Rev. Patrick Kennedy and Colonel Colin Davy put together a 58-page book which gives a foretaste of the value of the original work, it was destined to be a best seller.

CHAPTER 24

The three villages had seen changes — Hound Green Close was built at Mattingley, a new stretch of road at Heckfield and Rotherwick had never been quite the same since the estate was split up. Each village had lost familiar characters which was sad for their way of life was so different but some had excelled themselves through sheer hard work, Bob Grove had acquired his own business and greatly enjoyed the conversion jobs, and not far away William Selfe had managed to rent Kiln Farm — his five sons helped by putting their money into "Dad's" business. The farm was on clay and so the old-fashioned muck-spreading was put into operation and this paid dividends especially in dry weather, for they had grass



Heckfield schoolchildren and staff with their Headmaster Mr. Alan Barker.

when others hadn't. Cecil Rose had his own electrical business and something else — a wonderful reputation, while his sister Margaret had been ladies' maid to the Duke and Duchess of Bedford at Woburn Abbey.

The Forresters still flourish thanks to their secretary, Joe Gains. When Joe took over "temporarily", there was fear that the branch would have to amalgamate but Joe had other ideas and now there are ninety members, his hard work won them the Roberts Shield which is an award for admitting members, Joe had got 21 of them.

Rotherwick School has always had a good name and it maintained its numbers whereas at Heckfield the number of pupils was declining, when Alan Barker came as Head in 1966 he had between fifty and sixty pupils but in the next few years the numbers dropped drastically. As far as Alan is concerned Heckfield is a very pleasant school with nice children and co-operative parents and he wouldn't want to go back to a town school. The Parent-Teacher Association meets every month, maybe for social purposes or educational but its prime purpose is social, every summer the children stage a big musical event but their Harvest Festival has brought to the fore a fact that many people do not wish to know. Every year the children would distribute their Harvest parcels of fruit, vegetables and proceeds among the old age pensioners of Heckfield, this is no longer possible for the number of elderly exceeds the number of children. Is Heckfield no longer a village but an area without chance of better amenities unless it expands? Is it being strangled, not preserved? And many feel Mattingley is more of a village! Whatever people feel and whatever the outcome is one hopes the school will not close for it's pleasant, clean and there exists one wonderful thing in this day and age, its staff really care about the children — it may be only a little school but in that school is something one doesn't find and cannot hope to find in these huge, herded together ultra modern schools where each child is just one of a number, any would-be visitor at 3.15 p.m. will have to wait while Alan Barker checks that no child is left behind by the coach and previous to that, every child is seen to have coat and hat on — no fear of leaving anything behind which must be a very reassuring thing for the parents, so it's full marks for Heckfield School.

The witch hazel plantation is well established and from its yearly five-acre harvest it produces fifteen thousand gallons of liquid — its new manager is Mr. Robert Dance from Bramley, Robert has been a farmer and thinks of his job as quite a challenge, it's very pleasant but already he's found that hares and dogs do most damage. To enable Robert to learn all there is to know about witch hazel, the former manager, Mr. Banham stayed with him for a year, guiding him step by step for by this time Dickie Poulter and Theil Caesar had passed away and with them went all their valuable knowledge.

Neil Jones ran his modern dairy for ten years but his land was wet and heavy and because of this he had to keep his cows in — gradually he was forced to give the dairy up and this made him very sad but as one door shuts another opens, for the McDonalds who previously ran the shop, decided to take a Welsh hill farm — it was from them that Neil bought 160 draught ewes and in return helped the McDonalds out by selling them straw. Soon neighbouring Welsh farmers asked if they could buy straw and potatoes and think that Rotherwick is a wonderful place to be able to produce all these things. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jones take a lively interest in the life of Rotherwick and agree that the Hall was the nicest thing that anyone could give to a village because it's brought so much pleasure.

For one woman pleasure means Heckfield and its people — when

Colonel Walpole died in 1919 his eldest daughter, Dorothy — Mrs. Colin Davy — inherited the estate and her love and devotion of the place and its people can be noted in the sincere way she talks about everything and everybody, for she has grown up with them and they are her friends. In return she is greatly loved and respected and in her they have a direct link back with a life that once was.

To be actually feted by one's village is a wonderful thing and when news reached Rotherwick that Mrs. Harper had been awarded the M.B.E., a reception was arranged for her in the Hall — Mr. Wright was the prime mover of the celebration and the whole village turned up. As Mrs. Harper entered the Hall she was cheered and clapped until she took her place at the far end of the building. Over the years she had worked tirelessly for her people and now her services were rewarded — she might be a parish councillor and a J.P. but to the people of Rotherwick she was a very dear woman, Capt. Harper, who died in the early sixties, would have been so proud.



Two well-known Rotherwick men — Capt. Harper and, on the right, Stephen West.

CHAPTER 25

Although life has changed considerably since those far-off days of the "Squire" and maybe the true villagers resent the fact that "now we don't even know our neighbours", here on "Philip's Patch" there is a lot to be thankful for. In walking around Rotherwick, Mattingley and Heckfield I've really enjoyed meeting you all and talking to you for it's only by listening to what you have to say that I've been able to write this book. I love your villages — I know that perhaps it's not quite the same but then neither is life — it's changing every day. Your villages are unspoilt — the wild beauty of the Heath and all the interesting stories of what it used to be like in days gone by — and how I wished I could have tasted that lovely home-made bread that James

Neville baked. There is no village blacksmith beside the Leather Bottle or at Hazeley Bottom but I greatly enjoyed watching farmer Eric Denton "turning" one of his lovely wooden bowls — how clever he is. To me all three villages have their beauty but the most interesting thing of all is the people, one very dear lady — Mrs. Collier who is 98 and so alert, she loves talking and reminiscing, I was fascinated when she told me her first "child" is over eighty, but I was equally fascinated to talk with Mrs. Colin Davy for here is someone who derives the greatest pleasure from the things in life that do not cost money — her village, her home and her people are everything and two beloved dogs, "Miss Pink" and "Miss Pare", watch over her faithfully.

At some stage in one's childhood one thinks of what one would like to be when one grows up! One little boy felt he would like to take up the Church, his father was a vicar so he had a good insight into the life. He went to Cambridge on grants by the school, the diocese and two Church societies, and after two years he'd won his degree, but his career was halted by the outbreak of the Second World War — for six years he served as an officer in the Essex Regiment. The war took him far away and he was in Tobruk during the siege — all British soldiers there were named on the German radio as "Desert Rats", but the "Rats" won through and the then young officer became one of the now famous "Chindits", serving under General Ord Wingate during two campaigns in Burma. With the war over it was back to his studies — trying desperately to pick up the threads of his life, it wasn't easy but after two years theological training at Ridley Hall, came his first post as curate to the Archdeacon of Southend, he did well and was appointed Vicar of St. Luke's, Prittlewell, which was a large working-class parish in Southend. The next fifteen years were spent as Headmaster of "Lambrook" and then "Philip" came to his "Patch" which he feels is the nicest part of his ministry, for he is Rector of three villages, Rotherwick, Heckfield and Mattingley which have united to become one parish. He feels that his "Patch" is small enough for him to know everyone, his parishioners are a good mixture and come from all walks of life and one important thing, everybody feels that they belong. Philip is very ably supported by his wife, Isla, who is affectionately termed as a "live wire" but wherever you go on his "Patch" you are likely to see him on his pre-1930 bicycle, haring along bent on some parochial matter. It's always difficult to do the right thing and perhaps there was something in what the last Vicar of Heckfield said of himself. When the Rev. Tringham was asked why there were never any grumbles in his parish he said: "Because I'm always wrong," but the Rev. Philip Brownless couldn't have been more right when he asked Amy Emptage to open the new church hall at Mattingley. In her speech Amy said: "I started Sunday School on this very site when I was eight and little did I think that many years later I would have the privilege of opening this new hall." As she cut the ribbon which was stretched across the door, the Sunday School children presented Amy with a lovely bouquet of carnations and roses and they all gave her the most royal curtsy.

I hope that reading "Philip's Patch" has given you much pleasure. I certainly enjoyed writing it and when Michael Selfe explained how he and his four brothers had all saved and put their money into their father's farm "so as to get the best" surely that's what life is all about, trying to help each other to get the best, I found that life on "Philip's Patch" is rather pleasant because of one thing — the people — who couldn't have been more helpful and co-operative, but then that's village life, long may it live.

